The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Our readers will find on another page some interesting details from Mr. Sherard bearing on Mr. Hall Caine's new book, "The Christian." It may be mentioned that the speed with which "The Christian" has been set up is a record in the history of printing. The "copy" was not delivered to the Ballantyne Press till June 25th, and between that date and July 16th the entire work of over 160,000 words was in Mr. Caine's hands in proof. Many of the plates have been cast, and the printing of the first edition of 50,000 copies has been begun. We have great pleasure in making this fact known. It is undoubtedly to the credit of the Ballantyne Press, and publishers and authors everywhere will be glad to know of it. At present the great trouble with printers is to get rapid work, which shall at the same time be careful. Books are set up with irritating slowness when there is every reason to accelerate the production. Authors get later and later in delivering their copy, and it becomes more and more desirable to publish early in the autumn season. By the day of publication "The Christian" will have put upwards of £6,000 into the author's pocket, to say nothing of future returns.

Mr. D. Hay Fleming, of St. Andrews, has completed the first volume of a great work on Mary Queen of Scots. He has worked on this unremittingly for two years. More than a week's hard work has occasionally been devoted to a single note, and of notes there are more than eleven hundred. Part of the groundwork of the book, it will be remembered, was published in our columns. The volume will be issued in October by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose "Recessional" has been so warmly received, has written a new poem, "The Destroyers."

Mr. Stephen Crane has settled down in this country for an indefinite period. He has taken a house in Oxted, and is turning his attention chiefly to short stories, one of which, "Flanagan and his Filibustering Adventure," will appear in the *Illustrated London News* and *McClure's Magazine.*

Mr. Anthony Hope has now finished the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." The few who have been privileged to hear parts of it declare that it is by far the finest thing he has yet done.

Mr. Harold Frederic has almost completed the manuscript of his new novel. It is a long story, and, unlike his previous work, it deals entirely with English scenes and characters.

Mr. Benjamin Swift's new story, which he calls "The Tormentor," is now in the printer's hands.

The question which is agitating the whole literary world is the action of the recently-formed Publishers' Association, and the proposal of Mr. Macmillan that the present trade terms should be given only to booksellers who agree to allow no more than twopence in the shilling on ordinary books, and to sell net books at full prices. Those who refuse to come into the arrangement or break their agreement are to be supplied at no better terms than scrip, without odd books or discount at settlement. The scheme was supported by many of the most influential men in the trade, including Mr. Murray and Mr. C. J. Longman, as well as leading representatives of the new publishers. No great opposition was offered; in fact, the proposal seemed to carry the Association. Still, it is one so venturesome and so far-reaching in its issues that it should not be adopted without the fullest consideration and discussion, and we have published in our present issue a clear and temperate statement of the arguments that may be brought against it. We cordially invite contributions on the subject from authors, booksellers and publishers, and in the meantime we propose to give some comments on our contributor's article which may be useful in eliciting further thought.

Our contributor asks what good will be accomplished if the coercion is successful, and copyright books throughout the country are everywhere sold at a discount of twopence in the shilling. The large retail booksellers in the great cities, he says, will make still more handsome profits, but the small country booksellers will still have to eke out a living in other ways. He does not believe that Mr. Longman's forecast of a body of prosperous and intelligent booksellers spread throughout the land will be realised. In reply to this, we think that the proposed reform would make a great deal of difference. An extra penny in the shilling where there is a fair turnover would amount to a considerable sum. Of a turnover, for example, of £3,000 a year it would represent an income. But the booksellers themselves, who are the best judges, are largely in favour of the change, and on the point of its advantage to them they have the best right to speak, and their opinion may fairly be accepted. Some notice should have been taken of the remarkable figures by a very eminent bookseller, Mr. Maclehose, of Glasgow, published recently in the *Publishers' Circular.* On this point we do not think the argument is of weight.

Our contributor goes on to say that the proposed coercion would effectually kill competition in new books, for the bookseller would have no one to compete with, and would have to put all his energies into pushing non-copyright books and magazines. We cannot see the force of this. As things stand at present the booksellers in towns of any size give threepence off the shilling, and they give no more. It might just as well be said that by this plan competition in new books is killed. What the reform would effect would be that booksellers would have encouragement to show new books to more advantage, and in this way they could effectually compete with each other, to the great benefit of the public, and also, we believe, to their own benefit.

Our contributor touches a far more important point when he says that the slight increase in price would affect the sale of new books. He says that this is proved by the simple fact that the scheme has been put before the Incorporated Society of Authors, and that great efforts are to be made to obtain their consent and co-operation. Under the proposed arrangements the sales of new books, especially of new novels, says our contributor, will fall off considerably, and the authors are therefore approached with a view of obtaining their promise that, in the event of the coercion being carried out, they will not demand higher royalties than they at present achieve. As for the Incorporated Society of Authors, it has no power to pledge its members, who are at liberty to take individual action. As to royalties, popular novelists to a large extent deal through literary agents. There is a movement at present amongst authors to abate the fees of literary agents—that is, to demand that they shall do business like lawyers, and accept a definite payment, instead of a percentage going on for ever. If all the business of the country were done through literary agents, one-tenth of the whole literary earnings of the authors of Great Britain would go into the hands of a very few middlemen. Stimulated, perhaps, by this, agents are making higher demands on publishers. But as to this, it should be noted that the publishers have the matter in their own hands. It is through their competition that the royalties have been advanced, until, in many cases, even with popular authors, there is now not only no profit, but a positive loss. If the publishers can combine on the coercion of the booksellers, they can also combine as to what are fair rates to pay. The one combination, if successfully carried out, would undoubtedly lead to the other. Of course it may be said that the Society of Authors may commence as publishers themselves, and do as they please. No step the Society of Authors could take would be more welcome to publishers than that, and authors have a signal example of the results of publishing for themselves in the case of Mark Twain, which has been so publicly and so painfully discussed of late.

But would the abolition of the threepenny discount diminish the sale of books? Take a six shilling novel, for example, which at present is sold for four and sixpence; will this six shilling novel sell equally well at five shillings? We do not believe it. Publishers who have had to pay enormous royalties to authors have taken to issuing very small books in the six shilling form. Six shilling novels with 25,000 words in them—the length of a penny novelette—have been issued, and 50,000 words is quite common. This would, under any circumstances, be a perilous proceeding, for, after all, the British public knows the worth of its money. But when it comes to paying five shillings the worm will turn. We believe the result will be that publishers will be compelled to issue books they at present publish for six shillings, at five shillings, with results that will not be so good either for themselves or for the authors as the present system. If authors could be sure that the bookselling trade would remain as it is with the threepenny discount, we believe a continuance of that discount would be in their favour. But that is not the question. The question is whether bookselling will not alarmingly decline unless something is done. From that view the authors, in the end, will be gainers. As a matter of fact under the threepenny discount the sale of books has enormously increased, and we agree with our contributor that it would greatly and suddenly decrease on a twopenny discount, although it might possibly revive. The result, however, we have no doubt, would be that publishers would have to diminish the price at which books are published. At present the six shilling novel at a threepenny discount costs the public four and sixpence; a five shilling novel at a twopenny discount would cost them four and twopence, and that is what it would come to.

We do not attach much weight to the argument that forty years ago an almost identical system of boycotting was attempted by the publishers, and that it proved to be a signal of disastrous failure. The organisation of the trade is now far better, and the general public has become accustomed to combinations as it was not accustomed before. The system of coercion has been fairly successful in the case of magazines. We think it is quite possible that magazines will ultimately be sold universally without discount. We do not, indeed, believe that popular magazines will succeed by adopting net prices, because the retailer will always take the magazines on which he gets the most profit, and so the thing will work out in favour of magazines published at a discount. But if the newsagents have succeeded so far as they have done, and added to their profits, there is no reason why the booksellers should not do the same. It may be well enough to coerce the educational publishers, but one step at a time. As to discounts being abolished, that can only be done by books being published at a lower price.

We cannot speak positively as to the action of booksellers who do not agree with the new arrangements. So far we have observed that they have been careful to express themselves with caution. We cannot understand why the scheme should be doomed if one publisher resolutely stands out. Will the books of the one publisher satisfy the booksellers' demands in the face of so powerful a combination as was foreshadowed at the last meeting of the Publishers' Association? Can a determined bookseller defy unlimited coercion, and carry on his business on the same lines as now? It seems to us that the anecdote of our correspondent is not to the point. It is vain to try coercion on the part of single publishers. It is only by a strong body acting unanimously that anything can be done. Even the most powerful book-

seller cannot carry on his business if all the good publishers close their accounts with him. We do not know what action the great wholesale agents may take, but we fancy they will go with the publishers.

To sum up, the question wants more discussion, and should have it. Our own opinion, however, as to the results of such a measure if it is ever carried out is that it will simply lead to a great decrease in the published price of new books, a decrease which will affect both authors and publishers, and for which they will not be compensated by increased terms. Such a measure, however, even with the results foreshadowed, may be necessary in the present state of the publishing trade, and certainly the opinions elicited at the meeting of the Publishers' Association are all but decisive.

MR. J. M. BARRIE AND MR. CABLE.
(From a photograph recently taken in America.)

This portrait of Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Cable was taken when Mr. Barrie was on a visit to Mr. Cable at his home in Northampton, Mass., and is reproduced from the American *Bookman*.

Mr. Roger Pocock has gone to Canada on a special mission for *Lloyd's News*. He will ride the famous boundary patrol along the United States border, and will visit the scene of the great gold boom in British Columbia. Mr. Pocock formerly served in the North-West Mounted Police, and is therefore returning to familiar ground.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has just finished his Christmas Annual for Mr. Arrowsmith. After a holiday he proposes to begin a somewhat longer novel, which will be completed in the spring of next year. Mr. Hopkins' last piece of work is a very elaborate article on Gavarni, the famous French caricaturist and the illustrator of Balzac.

Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, who is editing the "Isthmian Library" for Messrs. Innes, hopes to make several notable additions to it during the year. Amongst his books will be one by Mr. Knight, the war correspondent of the *Times*—a book dealing with small boat sailing. There are to be two books on skating to be published late in the autumn, and a book on boxing. Mr. Rudolf Lehman's work on scientific rowing, however, is the first addition to be made to the Library; and this may be looked for in a week or two. Mr. Lehman's book is being awaited with great interest in rowing circles, and will appeal to a large audience both here and in America.

Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead, which has so many literary associations connected with Dickens, Thackeray, Du Maurier, and Lord Leighton, has changed hands recently for £34,500. An inscription on the lowest of a flight of steps leading up to its main door records that it is on a level with the cross on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

We regret to announce the death of Sir John Skelton, K.C.B., the well-known "Shirley" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. At the Jubilee he obtained his knighthood for his services as Vice-President of the Local Government Board for Scotland, but he has not lived long to enjoy it. In him, as in Mrs. Oliphant, *Blackwood's Magazine* has had a severe loss, for many of the papers he contributed were of distinguished mark. Sir John Skelton, without being a man of genius, was a good and pleasant critic, of wide sympathies, and on the whole free from asperity. It is not likely that any of his work will live. The story contributed by him to *Fraser's Magazine* during the short period of Principal Tulloch's editorship, and entitled "The Crookit Meg," was one of very distinguished merit, although it attracted little or no attention. It was a precursor of the Kailyard School, and had it come after Mr. Barrie its reception would have been very different. But at that time the English public would not read Scotch stories, and the Scotch public took a very languid interest in them. The pictures of Peterhead life contained in the story are extremely graphic. It was, we believe, considerably modified in volume form, and there was a suggestion of coarseness in it as originally written. Nobody appears to know anything of Sir John Skelton as a poet, but he wrote a very pleasant volume entitled "Spring Songs by a West Highlander," which was published by Messrs. Macmillan, and which contains at least one piece which has a certain currency in anthologies, "The evenin' brings a' hame." By his criticisms Sir John Skelton made many friends, including Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. Froude. His contribution to the biography of Mr. Froude is certainly the most important that has been published. Sir John Skelton was an enthusiastic defender of Mary Stuart, but he was not an accurate writer, and his works on the subject are not of permanent importance.

The new Doubleday McClure Company in New York are bringing out a series of dainty little volumes, "Tales from *McClure's*." The volumes will be published monthly at twenty-five cents each.

An attempt to persuade Mr. Archibald Forbes to give us his long expected reminiscences has hitherto not been

successful. Mr. Forbes could probably write as interesting a book of reminiscences as any man in Europe, but for the moment he is not to be tempted to undertake the work.

A proposition has been made, we believe, to Mark Twain to write his autobiography. Nothing is definitely settled yet, but it is quite possible that this important work will shortly be commissioned by an English house.

Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban's new book will be found somewhat in the vein of the new romance. Mr. Cobban has evidently been influenced by Mr. Anthony Hope, and those who have seen his novel speak exceedingly well of it.

Important changes are pending in the conduct of a prominent illustrated magazine. Until the arrangements have taken more definite shape it would be premature to give particulars, but we may say that a change of proprietorship as well as a change of editor is involved.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, whose illustrated edition of Praed's "Everyday Characters" was considered one of the cleverest picture-books of the last Christmas season, is illustrating a series of sporting ballads which Mr. Pearson will publish this autumn.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JUNE 21 TO JULY 24, 1897.

With the Diamond Jubilee celebrations completed, trade has again resumed its normal condition. So many counter-attractions out of doors obviously cause the present season to be a quiet one for the sale of general literature. On the whole booksellers may be congratulated on the fact that it is no worse, for a considerable reaction was anticipated. Trade with the colonies and abroad generally pursues the even tenor of its way, and orders are received, satisfactory both in volume and number, but an increase is always welcomed.

The decease of Mrs. Oliphant has stimulated the demand for the works of that famed writer, and a 2s. 6d. issue of her works, which has just been brought out, is deservedly popular.

It is hardly the time of the year for a very brisk trade in 6s. novels. Nevertheless, a considerable amount of business is being done in this class of work, and the principal book is "Soldiers of Fortune," by R. H. Davis. "On the Face of the Waters" and "Flames" come next in favour, the popularity of the former being remarkable for its continuance.

Publications obviously issued for the Jubilee season are enquired for in a moderate way. "The Queen's Resolve" and "Private Life of the Queen" still find buyers.

A pamphlet on the ΛΟΓΙΑ ΙΗΣΟΥ, the recently-discovered Biblical manuscript, has attracted much attention, in short (to quote Micawber) has sold well. Books dealing with Butterflies and Moths, Birds and Flowers, with beautifully coloured plates, are in the height of their season. Gordon's series seem to be the favourites.

Guide Books are being used in large numbers, and to the introduction of photographic views, which has taken place of late years, may, in some measure, be traced their large circulation. This applies more especially to local guides. Murray, Baedeker, Black, and Baddeley are the standard works for tourists, and may be regarded as classics on the subject of travel.

The interest evinced in works dealing with the life and times of St. Augustine is very marked.

Large numbers of "Sixty Years a Queen," and similar publications dealing with the present reign, and likely to be of permanent interest, have been sold.

The forthcoming issue of the Life of Queen Victoria by the librarian of Windsor Castle is anxiously awaited. It is announced that, among other reasons, the publication has been postponed in order that an account of the recent celebrations may be embodied. Dickens is decidedly reviving in popularity, and the work by his daughter, entitled "My Father as I recall him" is a distinct success.

There is still a considerable issue of new books and new editions, some hundreds having been published during the present month—some, valuable treatises and publications of a class that will be in demand for years to come, and others, probably the larger number, that, after the lapse of a few weeks, will never again be mentioned. Has the proportion of the latter to the former ever been ascertained?

The list of favourite books which follows is based upon actual business done in the works mentioned, and may make a fair claim to being a reliable index of the popular fancy.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
My Run Home. By R. Boldrewood. 6s.
Dracula. By B. Stoker. 6s.
Dear Faustina. By R. Broughton. 6s.
Uncle Bernac. By C. Doyle. 6s.
Patience Sparhawk. By G. Atherton. 4s. 6d. net.
Quo Vadis? By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
The Quest of the Golden Girl. By R. Le Gallienne. 5s. net.
The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore. By H. Godfrey. 3s. 6d.
My Father as I Recall Him. By M. Dickens. 3s. 6d.
How Money Makes Money. By Duncan. 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Oliphant's Works. 2s. 6d. edition.
St. Augustine's Mission. By A. J. Mason. 5s.
The Queen's Resolve. By C. Bullock. 1s. 6d.
Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d.
The Ascent of Man. By H. Drummond. 3s. 6d. net.
How to Listen to Music. By H. E. Krehbiel. 5s.
ΛΟΓΙΑ ΙΗΣΟΥ. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 26, 1897.—"Jubilee Week," comment is needless. Trade with the colonies and continent goes on steadily.
July 3, „ —A fair week in the home department, for the season. Colonial and foreign business still good.
„ 10, „ —A moderate trade only being done. In export departments there is a slight improvement.
„ 17, „ —This was a very quiet week, but not abnormally so. Foreign and colonial orders continue as last week.
„ 24, „ —Still moderate business only in home trade. A little quieter in export branches.

NEW WRITERS.

GEORGE FORD.

MOST of the popular writers of the day seem to have, from all accounts, a cheerful record, and to have a correspondingly high idea of the kindness and intelligence of publishers and editors. Their tales of early efforts crowned by immediate success are so exhilarating that one cannot wonder at the numerous recruits to the ranks of literature. Now and again we come across a writer of real ability, however, whose first attempts have met with pretty consistent rejection, but as he "gets there all the same," his story is not likely to discourage very much the sanguine aspirant. "The Larramys," a novel of rustic life, showing evidences of remarkable power, reviewed in the July BOOKMAN, is the first published work of its writer; but "George Ford" had, before its appearance, served an apprenticeship to literature,

and has had no chance of being spoiled by too quick a success. To write was one of her earliest instincts; and putting her thoughts into the best English she knew, along with copious reading, was the most important part of an education much interrupted by ill-health. The first thing sent to a popular magazine was returned with the comment, "Well told, but too painful a story." Another was accepted, but, through some misunderstanding, never published. Most of the leading magazines had a chance of printing the earlier work, but did not avail themselves of it, and "George Ford" determined to write no more short stories for the present, but a book on farm life. So "The Larramys" was begun. Ill-health interrupted it in the middle, however, and before it was taken up again another novel was written, which two important firms rejected, but with reluctance. These rejections were couched in encouraging terms, and "The Larramys" was finished and accepted by Messrs. Hutchinson. George Ford has a novel ready, the scenes of which are laid in Australia, and as she is a ready writer, one may expect to hear of others soon, now that the bars to success have broken down.

THE READER.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

THERE is not much to tell about the life of the noble woman, the chivalrous friend, the great writer, who has just passed away, worn with ceaseless work and weary with much sorrow. Even had there been, I for one, at least, at this time, would have shrunk from telling it, for well I knew her dislike to publicity, her dread of the interviewer; and how distasteful it was to her to be considered, in any way, a "celebrity." And yet gratitude to her prompts me to pay some sort of a tribute in the way of loving personal recollection to one who did so much to make others known and appreciated, who for fifty years has charmed us with her writing, and whose name has been to many as a veritable household word.

Margaret Oliphant Wilson was born on the 4th of April, 1828, at Wallyford, which, in a story little known, contributed by her out of favour to the parish magazine of the Church of Scotland, she describes as "standing in the midst of the fields in the rich and peaceful stretch of country which lies between Edinburgh and the sea." Her father numbered among his kinsmen Professor George Wilson and Sir Daniel Wilson, of Toronto. Her mother was of the best type of Scotchwoman. Many a time I have heard her speak of the greatness of her debt to her mother, and of the many stories narrated by unwearied lips in the dear Doric, of which she herself had such a command, to the young unwearying listener, in whose memory they lay as treasures, to be drawn upon in after years. While she was yet a girl, the family, consisting of the mother and two sons, went to reside in Liverpool, and there she began to write. William Bell Scott tells us how her cousin, Francis Oliphant, who became her husband, showed him a long poem written by her when only sixteen. He saw a good deal of the cousins after they were married, and gives us the impression that the clever designer of stained-glass windows, whose ambition was to be a painter of history, was hardly worthy of his gifted wife. He died in Rome, and left her with three little children.

Thereafter she returned to Scotland, for the first time since her childhood, "in the languor of great mental suffering and trouble." She visited her ever kind publisher and faithful friend—the late John Blackwood, then living near St. Andrews. He took her to see the old castle, and there they came across a party of croquet-players, including Professor Ferrier, my father and mother, and some of us young people. A pause was called in the game, and I well remember, amid the sunlight of a beautiful early summer's day, being struck by the little figure in deep widow's mourning; the fine, sweet, patient face; the splendid eyes that transfigured it; and the somewhat prominent teeth which then gave character to the lower part. She and the older members of the little party soon struck up a warm friendship. It resulted in a month spent in one another's society at Rosneath, which she had

originally visited in the course of collecting materials for the life of Edward Irving, and which she learned to love for the "wonderful beauty of the place" and for the sake of the kind friends she had made there.

I remember the sort of awe which I, as a lad, felt in being

brought into such close contact with a great authoress, being filled with wonder at seeing so great a lady giving, as it seemed, all her interest and devotion to her children, and even singing her baby to sleep, before coming forth to spend the evening with her friends, or previous to receiving them under her ever hospitable roof.

The friendship ripened to such an extent that when, two years later, the state of my father's health necessitated his wintering abroad, nothing would please her but that she and her children, my mother and my two eldest sisters should await his and my arrival at Rome —for I was fortunate enough to be his companion in a voyage as far as Constantinople. There she was the life and soul of us all, taking us everywhere, introducing us to all her old friends, chief among whom were Robert McPherson, the artist and celebrated photographer, and his wife Geraldine, the niece and biographer of Mrs. Jamieson. She was as happy and joyous as possible until, like a bolt out of the blue, came the death of her "only daughter and dearest consolation," as she afterwards called her in a memorial window in the church at Rosneath. A bright, handsome, loving little girl—one night at a children's party, the next ill with the terrible Roman fever, the third day dead; and buried before the week was out in the same grave as her father. I well remember the storm of grief which shook her nature to its inmost recesses, her long refusal to be comforted, her sad face as we afterwards wandered through parts of Italy and settled for some time in the lovely island of Capri. There she made a brave struggle to rise above her sorrow, for it was she who, after consultation with the guides, donkey-boys, and boatmen, planned all our excursions, and insisted on us enjoying ourselves to the utmost.

In after-years I was privileged to meet her frequently at St. Andrews, and at different seasons of the year at her delightful home at The Crescent, Windsor.

In her own house she was everything that was gracious and generous, hospitable and considerate. One met there very pleasant, but seldom very intellectual or literary, people. She used to say that she liked ordinary human people best. One who knew her well—a clever man, though he disclaims the distinction—writes me that his impression when in her society was "one of wonder that a person of such intellectual ability, of such varied and extensive reading, and such a powerful writer, could take any pleasure or interest in the conversation of a person like myself." But the fact is, she did not care for people too obviously intellectual or literary. After having had what she called a "course" of a very intellectual person, she would say that now her friend had gone she would like to have the cook up to talk to! And how often has one heard her say in a deprecatory manner, and as if the mere suggestion were a joke, "But ——, I am not intellectual, not in the very least." It was in the society of intimate friends that she was always seen to greatest advantage, sitting sewing some dainty piece of work, or making some tiny garment for a little stranger of whose coming she knew. Her needlework was most beautiful, and she always used the finest material. She would talk and listen to talk on the commonest and most trivial subjects, looking up with humorous eyes when she was telling or being told some funny story or joke. Or she would leave the others to laugh and talk, to speak to a young mother about her babies and her children, and to draw out her confidences; or to talk to a young girl about her dress, and what she was to wear on some special occasion. She wished every girl about her to be dressed as nicely as possible. She liked to surround herself with pretty things, and never thought money was thrown away on dress or in making a room beautiful. Thus the woman was seen strong in her. She was fond of giving little parties for amateur theatricals, and took the greatest interest in all the arrangements for the parts and the setting of some piece of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Sheridan, or Molière. She was most lavish in her generosity, almost too much so, it seemed to those who knew how hard she had to work for all she possessed. If you had children she always insisted on your oing with her before you left to make a round of the shops,

where she would buy expensive toys and books for them. And when abroad, if she saw anything she thought that some of her friends would like, she would buy it and cause it to be sent home. Many an old domestic, too, has reason to cherish her memory. Her kindness to some of them

was very great; and even if they proved ungrateful or undeserving, that did not seem to her a sufficient reason for not continuing to be kind to them. She was fond of animals, and always kept a collie and a terrier; even inanimate things she thought deserved her gratitude, and she felt as if she would like to repay them for any good that they had done her. On one occasion, before leaving Paris, she said that she would like to go and buy something at a little shop opposite the rooms in which she had been living, for "its windows have always looked so cheerily and brightly at us through all the winter."

She cared little and attached no importance to ritual, and was at times impatient of it, as when in one of her many sorrows she wished the presence of one who would pray with her—"not out of a book." And yet her sympathies were more with the High Church than the Low Church party in the Anglican Communion. She had a deep sense of the Christian's communion with God in the Holy Sacrament, which was a Real Presence to her. Nothing could exceed the depth of her reverence and devotional feeling at the elevation of the Host when in a Roman Catholic church. At the supreme moment, she seemed to believe in the doctrine of the Mass, though in what way it is difficult to say. She did not like Broad Church people as a rule, and I do not think she would have liked to be called Broad Church. She disliked all modern adjustments of the gospel, and Unitarians and such as Dean Stanley and Mrs. Humphry Ward were not favourites with her. Unbelief was incomprehensible to her; she often said it was much easier for her to believe than not to believe. To her the difficulty was *not* to believe in revelation, and especially in the Fatherhood of God as revealed in our Lord. In fact it was difficult to discuss any such matters with her, so impatient was she of argument on the subject. Somehow it seemed to me she could never quite understand and sympathise with those who took views differing from her own, and she was not slow to pour ridicule on you and your favourites if they were not hers. For instance, it may almost be said she disliked Sculpture, and she was impatient with those who admired it much. Colour was always more to her than form.

In her last journey to Siena she delighted in Pinturicchio's frescoes. It was a hurried, short journey. She was not able for more, nor did she mean to do more, "the local colour and a detail or two is all I really want." And this to her quick apprehension was all she needed wherever she went. She hated sight-seeing and mixing with the tourist throng. She liked to take things quietly and let the spirit of the place take possession of her, the local colour to surround her as an atmosphere.

She had a sharp recurrence of pain before she started for Siena, and not long after she returned her illness took a fatal form. Traces of weariness are, I think, to be found in her otherwise bright and happy Jubilee articles. In them she seemed to take a long, lingering survey of her own life as well as of that of the Queen. Her thoughts turned a good deal upon the long illness and death of a dear little boy of one of my sisters. "How much better it will be for him," she wrote, "to commence the true life so soon if we could only believe it. I have been thinking so much of the baby inmates of the other country, and it seems to me they must have a special place and a special blessedness, and get nearer God than any. 'Their angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven'—your father said these words to me as I came out of the room in which my Maggie lay, and now I think of her doing so much for her brothers." And in another letter, dealing with the same thought and thinking of the children who died as God's messengers, she breaks out, "God bless the radiant creatures, just human for love, all the rest heavenly." Much, too, in her mind in the last days was the contrast between her own circumstances as she lay there dying and those of the Queen going forth on her triumphal progress to meet the cheers of her people. Five days before her death she wrote some lines about herself which she said she would like to see printed after her Jubilee verses, already published in the June *Blackwood*. In these she described herself as lying on the edge of the road poor and weary, weak and dazed, but looking up to the infinite blue of the great heavens and finding that all was Love—Love.

Shortly afterwards the noble, heroic spirit passed into that Unseen which she seemed to know so well, and to which if she can, we may well believe, she will beckon others.

W. W. TULLOCH.

SHALL THE PUBLISHERS COERCE THE BOOKSELLERS?

FOR some time past the recently formed Publishers' Association has been trying to justify its existence, and with this very worthy object in view it has at last decided to take up some definite position in regard to the important question of booksellers' discounts. The Publishers' Association was formed about two years ago in consequence of a request from the Associated Booksellers that publishers as a body should appoint representatives to meet them, in order to consider "what steps, if any, could be taken to diminish the evils that had been brought about by the practice of underselling." If any proof were needed that publishers approach the subject in fear and trembling, this long delay supplies it.

At the last meeting of the Association Mr. Frederick Macmillan, in an exceedingly able and lucid speech, gave full particulars of his scheme, and the following resolution was "carried unanimously":—"That the principle of the scheme proposed by the sub-committee be approved by this meeting, and that the council be requested to communicate with the Incorporated Society of Authors with a view to securing their co-operation." The plan proposed is briefly, in the words of Mr. Macmillan, "that the present trade terms should be given only to booksellers who agree to allow no more than twopence in the shilling on ordinary books, and to sell net books at full prices; and that those dealers who refuse to come into the arrangement, or who break their agreement, should be supplied at no better terms than 'scrip,' without odd books or discount at settlement." That the Association should have accepted this proposition after a very meagre discussion, and that no one challenged a division, seems, at least to an outsider, somewhat startling. It must not for a moment be supposed that

those present were by any means unanimous in their acceptance of the scheme. I do not think the question has been adequately discussed, and in this paper I propose to set forth a few of the difficulties—to my mind insurmountable difficulties—that stand in the way of the proposed coercion.

A great part of Mr. Macmillan's speech is taken up with a discussion of the rights and wrongs of coercion in the abstract. Coercion is an extreme process, painful alike for the coercer and for the coerced, and it is only justifiable in very exceptional cases. From the publishers' point of view it is only justifiable if it succeeds. Supposing that the publishers enter into an elaborate system of boycotting, and give thereby great offence, as they are bound to do, to some of their largest customers, and the coercion fails to achieve its purpose, their position will be bad indeed.

Now let us suppose for a moment that the coercion is successful, and that copyright books throughout the country are everywhere sold at a discount of twopence in the shilling. What good will have been accomplished? The large retail booksellers in the great cities who, when allowing threepence in the shilling have made very handsome profits, will benefit to some extent, and make still more handsome profits; but the small country booksellers, for whose welfare the coercion is to be exercised, will still, to quote Mr. Macmillan's description of their present misery, "have to eke out a livelihood by combining with their business in new books the sale of second-hand books, of books in extra bindings, of non-copyright books which can be purchased at special terms, of stationery or of fancy goods." Does the Publishers' Association really think that this extra penny in the shilling is going to make all the difference in the smal bookseller's receipts? Does it really think that by demanding it he will be able to place his bookselling business, pure and simple, on such a good and sound basis that it will bring in of itself enough to provide a comfortable living for himself and his family? I know many country booksellers who *now* only allow 2d. in the shilling discount, but they, too, have to "eke out their livelihood" by selling stationery, and even tobacco, not because their business is ruined by underselling but for sheer lack of book customers. New copyright books are bought and read in the great cities, not to any extent in the country towns. Mr. Longman, the President of the Association, drew a rosy picture of the bookseller under the newly-proposed *régime*. "A body of prosperous and intelligent booksellers" would be spread throughout the land. They would have sufficient "capital to enable them to stock good literature, sufficient leisure and education to enable them to acquire a knowledge of books, and to distinguish between what is good and what is worthless in literature." Even if this wonderful change could be brought about by the extra penny in the shilling, would it be an unmitigated blessing?—would the public, who after all have a say in the matter, bow to the decision of the bookseller as to what is good and bad literature? We have our literary censors, and the bookseller who wants to succeed has to supply what his public demands, not what he thinks the public *should* demand. He is, after all, merely an agent for the distribution of books, not a literary critic.

The proposed coercion would effectually kill competition in new books, for the bookseller would have no one to compete with. He would have to put all his energies into pushing non-copyright books and magazines, which, for reasons we shall examine later, are to be exempt from the new arrangement, and which his rival across the street may, if he choose, sell at cost price. He would say to himself: "No one can buy new copyright books cheaper than at my shop, so I must keep my old customers and obtain new ones by giving them special terms on the non-copyright books and the magazines." The underselling which the Association wishes to make impossible would thus only be increased.

One or two of the members of the Association stated that they did not believe the slight increase in price would affect, to any appreciable extent, the sale of new books. Now, that this idea is totally erroneous is proved not only by the whole history of modern trade, a history of intense competition, of decreased prices and immensely increased sales, but still more by the simple fact that the scheme has been put before the Incorporated Society of Authors, and that great stress was laid upon the immense importance of obtaining their consent and co-operation. If the coercion is not to affect the sale of new books, why consult the authors? It would in that case only be a detail of trade management of no interest to them. As it is, the Council of the Publishers' Association knows very well that under the proposed arrangement sales of new books, especially of new novels, will fall off considerably, and the authors are therefore approached with a view of obtaining their promise that, in the event of the coercion being carried out, they will not demand higher royalties than they at present receive. Even if the Incorporated Society of Authors consents to such a proposal, I do not see how it can be binding on individual authors. If, in consequence of trade arrangements made by the publisher, an author's sales show material decrease, that author will consider himself entitled to a higher payment on the copies that are sold. Of course, as the booksellers are to gain by the arrangement, they, and not the publishers, should make some allowance to the author; but such a plan is hardly feasible. By the proposed coercion the publisher and the author, then, stand to lose heavily because the sale of new books will materially decrease, while, as I think I have shown, the small bookseller is, if anything, in a worse predicament than ever.

Another very strong argument against the scheme is the fact that forty years ago an almost identical system of boycotting was attempted by the publishers, and proved to be a signal and disastrous failure. It is evident that the trade is better organised now than it was forty years ago, but the feeling of the general public, which killed the earlier coercion, is stronger than ever on the side of free trade. Mr. Heinemann's suggestion that because coercion succeeded in Germany a few years ago, it must also succeed in this country, is hardly relevant. Germany is in all things more used to coercion than England, and an enormous amount of the bookselling in that country is done through one or two wholesale houses or societies, who are all-powerful, whereas in England every bookseller of standing has a separate account with the various publishers. Moreover, the German system of coercion has failed in so far as it has not brought into existence Mr. Longman's ideal army of booksellers. Though they live under the iron rule

of coercion, German booksellers have still to "eke out a livelihood" by selling stationery and photographs, and the numberless odds and ends that are to be found in the shop of the English bookseller. In Berlin and Leipzig I have now and again seen genuine booksellers of the old type; but in no other town have I met men who made a living from the sale of books, pure and simple.

If coercion were as desirable as we are asked to believe, why is exception to be made in favour of magazines, of school books, and non-copyright books? A very large section of the reading public buys sixpenny magazines at fourpence-halfpenny, and it would certainly hate to be suddenly called upon to pay even a halfpenny more than it is accustomed to without receiving an increased value for the increased expenditure. Not long ago a lady went into a bookseller's shop in Brighton to buy a copy of a well-known sixpenny magazine, and tendered, as usual, fourpence-halfpenny in payment. The bookseller informed her he did not allow discount off magazines. "Oh! very well," said the lady, "I will wait till my husband goes to town. He can bring it down from the stores." This is no isolated case; still, the change from the old fourpence-halfpenny to the new fivepence, to be asked under the proposed arrangement, is not very drastic, and it would have been comparatively easy to have put a stop to this particular branch of "flagrant underselling." Non-copyright books—this, by the way, is a somewhat loose classification that may lead to trouble—are sometimes, but not always, sold to the trade on better terms than new books; but this fact does not affect the general question of underselling. If the threepence in the shilling discount on new books is to cease, is there any possible reason why the fourpence in the shilling discount, which is given by many booksellers when the trade terms are specially favourable, should be allowed to continue? With regard to school books, the reason why they are not to be included in the new arrangement is particularly obvious and simple. For years past it has been the custom of some publishers to deal direct with schools, giving trade terms or at any rate very exceptional discounts to the schoolmasters who order a good supply of a particular book. The Council of the Association agrees, I suppose, that it would be somewhat unreasonable to expect the bookseller to quote higher terms than are offered direct to his legitimate customers by the educational publishers themselves. In connection with this I would make a practical suggestion. The Publishers' Association desires to give a helping hand to the smaller country booksellers—men whose best chance of a good-sized order lies with the local schools—and it also wishes to try the effects of coercion. If coercion is to be the order of the day, it should be practised first of all on the educational publishers, who should be forced to sell school books only through the booksellers, and never to schools direct. The issue in this case is simple enough; it would be very interesting and instructive to watch the attempt of the publishers to coerce one another, and the benefits that would accrue to the smaller booksellers by such an arrangement would be incalculable.

The Association proposes that the trade terms shall remain as before, but surely it forgets that these terms, which are exceedingly low, were given to the booksellers a comparatively short time ago in order to help them to make some sort of a profit when allowing threepence in the shilling discount. If in future they are only to give twopence in the shilling, then the publishers might well revert to the higher trade terms that were generally in vogue in the old days when the lower discount of twopence was the only allowance dreamt of. Furthermore, if the price paid by the public for new copyright works is to be increased, why should not the whole ridiculous system of discounts be done away with? why should not books be sold at the published price? If it is possible for publishers to coerce the booksellers so that they shall not allow more than twopence in the shilling, why is it not possible to compel them to sell at net published price?

I think, then, it is clear that the proposed coercion is undesirable; we must now consider whether it can be carried out, if in the face of all these difficulties, the Association persists in its determination. It stands to reason that there will be booksellers who will not agree to the new arrangement, otherwise the various Booksellers' Societies would have settled the matter long ago, and there would be no talk of coercion by the publishers. It is, moreover, an open secret that the booksellers who will not recognise the right of the publisher to dictate the terms on which they are to sell their goods to the public are some of the most important firms in the kingdom. It is true they are comparatively few in number, but numbers are very deceptive. It is well enough for the Association to say that the few must not stand in the way of the good of the many, but has it remembered that *one* of the despised few buys as many new copyright books as a very large number of the smaller booksellers, who are anxious for the change, put together? Then, how are the publishers going to coerce the large wholesale houses? and what compensation do they offer to these houses for the loss of customers a strict adherence to the new rules will entail? There may be black sheep among the publishers themselves; how will the Association coerce them? If one publisher resolutely stands out the scheme is doomed. And does the Association really mean that the bookseller is to give the same terms to a customer who buys one 6s. book and pays for it six months afterwards and to, say, a public library that orders large quantities and pays cash?

The most vital point in the whole discussion is that a determined bookseller can defy unlimited coercion and carry on his business on the same lines as now. A piece of history will illustrate this better than anything else. Some year or two ago a well-known firm of publishers yielded to the express desire of one of their most popular authors and, against their better judgment, issued a book, which was likely to have a very large sale, at a net price. They further determined that they would do their utmost to compel the bookseller to sell at the published price. What happened? A leading London bookseller began to allow a discount The aforesaid firm at once refused to supply him with copies. The bookseller obtained the book through another bookseller in the suburbs—the firm refused to supply *that* bookseller. Everyone that bought copies from them had to sign a statement that they would only be sold at the published price, and yet, in spite of all their efforts, the leading London bookseller continued to allow a discount. Then

the publishers gave up the struggle. At least one important account had been closed, they had gained nothing in exchange for their trouble, and it had to be admitted that the sale of the book had suffered in consequence of the attempt at coercion.

The moral for the Association is obvious. If every publisher in England were to agree to enforce the new scheme there would be booksellers who, by some means or other, would obtain books on such terms as would allow them to give threepence in the shilling discount.

Z.

IN A SEASIDE LIBRARY.

THE Misses Beecher are my friends, and they knew me in the days when, a small boy, I sneered at books and visited their shop only to pick up bargains in the way of rare young tin pails and curiously cheap wooden shovels, and sometimes they remind me of my petticoat days to my great confusion. This is why they allow me to sit in the shade of their library when the afternoon sun is baking the pebbles on the beach and giving freckles to the complexions of young women from town, who do not mind this, and indeed are earnest in their search for local colour, arguing, as they do, that if you don't go home brown after your holiday, what is the use of having a holiday at all. The Parade Library where I sit and read, is not and has never been wholly a library; the narrow gangway of linoleum divides its two sides sternly and definitely. Customers entering the shop walk this narrow strip and, arriving at the end, turn to the right and to the younger Miss Beecher for books; to the left and the elder Miss Beecher for frames, and carved brackets, and birthday cards, and guides to the neighbourhood, and souvenir paper-knives. On the book side we take twopence for each volume that we lend (if it is a new novel we take also a deposit), and we sell magazines, and we recommend books, and we discuss serials, and somehow the leathern scent from the shelves at the back gives a right and appropriate atmosphere, and accords with the hushed tones and the cool shade.

"You'll find that something startling's happened *this* month." The younger Miss Beecher speaks mysteriously as she hands a magazine to a lady customer and accepts the money. "I mustn't tell you what, or else it'll take away half the enjoyment."

"But don't," begs the lady customer, imploringly, "*don't, don't* tell me that she's run away again."

"Shan't tell you a word," declares the younger Miss Beecher with glee. "You'll find it all out as you go on."

"*I* don't fancy that artist chap is quite the saint he made himself out to be."

"There's mischief brewin', I admit. But you read it when you get out on the pier. It most certainly is—well, a startler. *I* never read a story like it before, and I've read a tidy many in me time. When it comes out in book-form I shall try to persuade my sister to buy a copy and put it in the library. There's sure to be a run on it."

"Hope she doesn't die after all," says the departing client with sudden apprehension. "That girl in this story, I mean."

"Die?" echoes the younger Miss Beecher, cheerfully. "No fear! *She* won't die, bless you. I've read other stories by the same writer, and——oh, no. You may depend upon it she'll live through it all. *Good* afternoon."

Some of our customers are, I find, so adroit in the management of serials that they can drive half-a-dozen at a time without disaster (Heaven knows how they avoid it), and they never confuse Miss Broughton's story, told in the first person, with Stanley Weyman's troubles with the French, or with H. G. Wells's story of a man who proves to be not a man but a moon. It seems scarcely conceivable that these can find time for any other occupation in life, and I suggest to the younger Miss Beecher that it is only at the seaside that such feats are possible, but Miss Beecher laughs the idea to scorn, and says that she firmly believes they are at it all through the year. Another customer.

"I want to borrow a novel, please, and I want something that will suit me and suit mother and suit my eldest sister. Could you pick out one d'you think, if it isn't giving you too much trouble?"

"No trouble," says Miss Beecher. "What do you say to a Ouida?"

"Between ourselves," declares the young lady on the other side of the counter, "*I* should revel in it, but perhaps she's rather—well——"

"What do you say to an Annie Swan, then?"

"That would suit the other two," admits the exiguous young lady, "but I think——Perhaps you wouldn't mind reading out a few titles of some of those on the shelf over there."

Miss Beecher reels off a number of titles with the air of one who knows them by heart.

"'Won by a Wager,' 'A Gay Disaster,' 'The Marquise de Ménilmontant,' 'An Unhappy Murder'——"

"Don't give me *that*," begs the young lady, with a shudder.

"'Strange Behaviour of Mr. Buller,' 'Tempted but True,' 'Many a Mickle,' 'A Bachelor and a Lady,' 'Orange Blossoms'——"

"Wo!" orders the customer, "'Orange Blossoms' sounds pretty right. Is there plenty of conversation in it?"

"Any amount," says Miss Beecher, flicking through the pages.

"Might let me just glance at the last chapter."

Permission given.

"Yes, I think I'll risk it. Seems to end up all right, at any rate. And if they don't like it, they must come another time and pick and choose for themselves. Keeps fine, doesn't it?"

"It's seasonable."

"And if I bring it back under the seven days that'll do, I s'pose?"

"Any time within the week."

"It doesn't take me long to get through a novel," says the young student, exultingly, as she finds the main line of linoleum. "Sometimes I skip whole pages when they begin to write about scenery or put down what they think. *Good* afternoon."

Miss Beecher the younger makes up ledgers between the calls, and fills in slips of paper and sets upright weak-kneed novels that have taken advantage of an opportunity to re-

linquish an upright position. Many of the shelves hold five-year-old novels, which were aimed at the world and missed their mark and fell spent into provincial libraries. When Miss Beecher takes these down, she puffs at the top edges whether there be dust there or not, because her knowledge of the law of chances persuades her that it is probable there *is* dust there, and it can do the book no harm to take it out for a blow. The book I am reading is one of those, I think, for which the public have not screamed; there are pressed ferns between the leaves, and at page 151 is a loose pencilled letter commencing "My dearest!" and when after struggling not to read this, I at length give way and do read it, I am disappointed to find that it is only a short note from a mother to her son. My book, a novel of the early eighties, concerns a wild Irish girl who is described as the veriest tomboy, and she does things, then considered extravagant, that in the present year might be done by nun-like young women without attracting observation. The agreeable thing about it all is that everybody likes her very much, and the villagers call her Mavourneen and request Hiven to bless and purtect her purty eyes, bedad. This and other novels in the library inform me that it is at the seaside that Miss Mills still makes her critical pencil-marks in books; taking up now, however, an attitude of criticism unlike the one she adopted in the Copperfield days; with increasing years her romantic attitude appears to have vanished. Now, she has a keen eye for misprints, and places satirically the sign of interrogation in the margin near to them; other errors force her to make more precise comment. The novelist sends his hero fox-hunting in August, and she says, "Indeed!!!" He makes the train from Paris come in at St. Pancras, and Miss Mills in the same humour writes in the margin, "Fancy that, Hedda." He speaks of a *nom-de-plume*, and Miss Mills remarks bitterly, "Is this French?" A casual reference by an allusive writer to leaves in Vallombrosa goads Miss Mills (or her brother) into a slang, and the note in the margin is, "Give it a rest." Sometimes the remark by one reader prompts a retort, and the quarrel takes up all the available space on the page. "Evidently written by a woman," is answered by "No man could have expressed it so well," and this in its turn is replied to by "No one should have expressed it at all." The summing up is squeezed in only by great dexterity, and appears on the surface to be a trifle curt and severe. "Bosh!"

The hour of quiet comes to the little library at near to four o'clock. After the final defeat and rout of a persistent young man who has tried to persuade us to buy a gazetteer for the library that has he urges the advantage of being unlike all other gazetteers ("You'll find a 'ost of information 'ere, miss, that you never so much as dreamt of before"), after his departure the younger Miss Beecher slips up the narrow staircase and her sister becomes, on necessity, ambidextrous, and lends books with the right hand and sells albums of views with the left. Patrons who tread the linoleum path speak now in lowered tones and tell the elder sister about the weather in almost a whisper. My wild Irish girl has made a terrific success in London society, and the number of youths who fall at her feet when ever she wanders into a conservatory is so large that they make me quite tired, and I am beginning to wonder languidly whether she will ever make her choice, or whether she will decide to return to her former state of the veriest tomboy. The quiet buzz of conversation in the shop mingles with the gentle roar of a distant harmonium, which is trying a secular air with the gingerly manner of a rhinoceros attempting the barn-dance. The wild Irish girl fades from me, and my eyes close for the better convenience of thinking, and in a few minutes I have happened upon what seems to be the very finest idea in the whole world for a short story. There is no plot worth mentioning; the great effect is to be obtained by a description of the gracious perfume of a certain vague delightful atmosphere, and the only difficulty is that it cannot be described. When presently with some trouble the clock strikes four, and I open my eyes, I find that the mystic scent has stepped down the narrow staircase and has strolled in the library. Tea!

"Please, sir, mistress's compliments, and could she temp' you with a cup, please."

W. Pett Ridge.

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL HARRADEN.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—It would be a great pleasure to me if you could find room for the following words about my dear father, the late Mr. Samuel Harraden. In the very midst of my great grief, I feel I must take up my pen to say how much of my literary success was due to him and him only. The delight of comradeship with him from my earliest girlhood, his own fine strong brain, his geniality and sense of humour, and his splendid enthusiasm for knowledge, influenced my mind, my character, my ambitions, and my work more than anything else in my life. I look to-day with mournful pride at the German and French books beautifully bound in true calf, and with generous margins, which he put into my hands on my thirteenth birthday. Ever since I can remember we have studied together worried together over grammars and dictionaries, and social problems, and religious questions. Ever since I can remember I recognised his broad and open mind, his complete freedom from any pettiness either in matters social or religious. It filled all of us in the family with unfailing admiration. So also with our own individual faults and failings; he dealt with them so impersonally and large-mindedly, and with no pretence whatsoever of being any wiser than ourselves, that it was very easy to open our hearts to him. Then he would stretch out his hand to grasp ours, and would say in his own kind, cheery way: "Well, we must do the best we can." There never was such a friend as he, because there was combined in him the powerful intellect and the tender, understanding heart. To all of us in the family he never seemed so much a father as a friend and intimate companion on equal terms. No gulf of years stretched between ourselves and him; he was young and progressive to the last.

He was a ruthless critic, and used to say of himself that he was "nothing if not critical." I always told him, laughingly, that his own criticisms of my writings armed and prepared me for all outside onslaughts, and that they were certainly a good training, though sometimes a depressing one; with a stimulating effect supervening in due time! Praise from him was worth more to me than praise from anyone else. Whatever success I may have won is due to the fact that I have had the honour and blessing of being his daughter.

I am, yours very truly,

Beatrice Harraden.

NOTES FROM THE ISLE OF MAN.

I AM writing this month from Greeba Castle in the Isle of Man, and so for this time I have changed the heading of my letter. The great forthcoming literary event is, of course, the publication of Mr. Hall Caine's book, "The Christian," and this it is which has brought me so many hundred miles north. On the other hand, there is little or nothing of interest doing in the literary world in Paris. People are reading and talking about Monsieur Goron's revelations of his experiences with the French criminal classes during his tenure of office as the Chef de la Sureté, which are appearing *en feuilleton* in *Le Journal*, but that is an incident outside of literary chronicle. Stories of that description are always very popular in Paris with the masses, for there are thousands of French newspaper readers who never look at anything except the *faits-divers* and the feuilleton, with preference for the *faits-divers*, which are made up of items of police news, street accidents, and so on. When a feuilleton is entirely made up of a series of exciting *faits-divers*, and thus combines the two favourite forms of reading matter, its popularity with the classes referred to may be imagined. "La Nichina," by Hugues Revell, of which I spoke last month, is selling well, and has, I see, been very favourably reviewed in a leading English weekly. Another volume in this branch of literature is, I see, in process of publication from the pen of Pierre Louys, and in view of his recent great success is being eagerly subscribed for by the trade. But, generally speaking, literary "business" is very dull in France, and the authors and publishers there have not even, like their colleagues in England, the satisfaction of being able to "blame it all on" to a Jubilee.

That the public interest is very keen, in at least one literary venture in this deadest of *saisons* that are *morte*, it takes one but a few hours' stay in Greeba Castle to learn. By each post packets of letters about "The Christian" come in, either of inquiry as to the date of its publication, or of enthusiastic eulogy of the part already published and read.

As for Mr. Hall Caine, his colossal labour on this book will at last be terminated when he has read a final set of proofs. Those who are familiar with Mr. Caine's methods of work, and know how great is his conscientiousness, will sympathise with him in the emotion with which on the last page of the MS. of "The Christian" he has written under "The End" the words "Thank God!" I have this sheet before me as I write, and, strong as my temptation as a *chroniqueur* is to reveal the striking *denouement* of the story, I am under promise not to do so. Beneath the "Thank God!" is the following note: "The writing of the final version of 'The Christian' was begun on Sunday, July 26th, 1896. It was finished Tuesday, July 13th, 1897;" and underneath this is the exclamation, "Yet now I shall not know what to do with myself!" a feeling which must come to most authors—except Zola—at the end of each prolonged task. I say except Zola, because Zola has always told me that as soon as he has written the word *Finis* he dismisses the work just terminated from his mind, and immediately begins on the next.

The proofs of "The Christian" have been submitted to at least twenty different specialists for revision—divines, music-hall stars, doctors, hospital nurses, and lawyers—lest any error of *technique* may have crept in. Albert Chevalier and Father Adderley amongst others have read the proofs. The importance of absolute correctness in all minor details is paramount in a book of this description, for it is *un livre d'attaque*, and its adversaries will seize upon the most trifling technical error to ridicule the author and impugn his accuracy. For example, Hall Caine has received scores of letters to point out that he is mistaken in describing an Oxford doctor's hood as made of scarlet cloth. The fact is that an Oxford doctor's hood *is* made of scarlet cloth. Hall Caine saw the tailor, and saw the cloth before he made this description, and so could disregard the acidulated criticisms of his correspondents, who seemed only too ready to argue that an author who could describe the academical vestment so erroneously must necessarily be disbelieved—on the ground of inaccuracy—where he describes the modern deviations in the application of Christianity.

The following query was sent to Greeba by Mr. Appleton, of New York. Hall Caine has been unable to answer it, and it has occurred to me that possibly some reader of THE BOOKMAN may be able to help. "About 1619, Myles Standish, the soldier of our Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth, visited the Isle of Man and became betrothed to a 'beautiful maiden' known only as Rose." The next year they were married and spent a few weeks together in the Isle of Man before they started for London, and ultimately for America. Rose Standish died soon after landing at Plymouth. Her full name has never been known. Is there any antiquarian in the Isle of Man who could supply this information? We happen to be publishing a book on Myles Standish and his lineal descendants, and an acquaintance of ours is very desirous of obtaining this information."

Major Pond, on his way back to America, for which he sails this week, has paid a flying visit to the Isle of Man to endeavour to induce Hall Caine to go to America this autumn and deliver a series of one hundred lectures. Nothing, however, has as yet been decided, for Hall Caine fears the physical fatigue of such an undertaking. It is, however, possible that, under certain conditions, he may yet assent. Major Pond assures him of a great reception, and is confident that far from exhausting him physically the tour would make "a new man of him."

It is pleasant to hear with what enthusiasm Major Pond speaks of Ian Maclaren. His lectures in the United States were, next to Stanley's, the most successful that Major Pond has ever engineered. The clear profits, after paying all expenses, amounted to £8,000, less two shillings, or rather to 40,000 dollars, less fifty cents. He was most anxious for Ian Maclaren to remain another two months in the States, and guaranteed him 25,000 dollars if he would do so. And the striking fact is that Dr. Watson was lecturing at the time of the Presidential election, when public interest, one might have thought, was monopolised. However, on the very night of the election the lecture was attended by a record audience, and in that town Ian Maclaren divided popular enthusiasm with McKinley.

R. H. SHERARD.

NEW BOOKS.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY.*

This volume is written as a reply to the criticisms upon the methods and results of the anthropological school of mythologists contained in Professor Max Muller's latest work, "Contributions to the Science of Mythology." It is written in the light, ironical style of which Mr. Lang is master, and in his treatment of the successive points in the controversy, the author displays that characteristic skill of fence and power of penetration which have contributed to give him such a distinguished position as a journalist.

Few literary men have profited by such a chance of popularity as Professor Max Müller. When the study of comparative mythology was beginning to attract the public mind he had almost unquestioned possession of the field, and the hypothesis which he advocated was based on a plausible philosophy, not too difficult to be "understanded of the people." The style in which he writes has the charms of easy flow and of a certain persuasive eloquence, giving the impression of authority and erudition. According to his system, etymology is our guide to truth in comparative mythology. Thought cannot exist without words; and as the original vocables express conditions of activity, so the original thoughts postulate agents behind the several phenomena of nature. It follows, therefore, that Animism is a necessary consequence of language, and not a speculation of a rude and primitive metaphysic. The cycle of celestial phenomena—light, darkness, and dawn—have been the primary objects out of which, by this subjective process, the tangled tales of comparative mythology have been evolved.

These views Professor Max Müller has expounded not once, nor twice. They have been the subjects of specific treatises; they have been dealt with as workshop chips, as selected essays, as Royal Institution Lectures, as Hibbert Lectures, as Gifford Lectures thrice, each work being some variation of the same central theme, yet the charm of the Professor's English style gives a freshness to each representation.

The growth of a scientific anthropology in which exact and critical methods are used in the collection, recording, and classification of phenomena, and the systematic study of folk-lore, have led to the development of another school of comparative mythology, which takes an opposite view of the processes of mythopoiesis. Its adherents realise that the relations of human thought to its environment in nature is too complex to be expressed by a single formula; and as there is a remarkable similarity in some of the most important of these environing conditions, even in parts of the world remote from each other, so the thoughts and imaginations of men of various races, and the desires, habits, and institutions connected with these imaginations exhibit corresponding likenesses. The one difference which everywhere exists between each people and its neighbours is a difference in language. In short, the anthropological school apply the general principles of Evolution to the elucidation of the history of the several elements out of which the mythologies have been made.

One of the cardinal points in the controversy between the two schools, philological and anthropological, is the question of the legitimacy of appealing to the analogies of myth, ritual, or custom among modern savage races in order to elucidate the development of the mythologies which are connected with ancient religions. The former school regards this appeal as mischievous, partly because none of the savage races now existing can be regarded as primitive, and partly because of the fundamental linguistic differences between civilized and savage tongues. But on the other hand the existing savages, even though they have no claim to be called primitive, are yet centuries behind their civilised contemporaries in grade of culture.

Among the foremost and most popular of the English writers of this second school Mr. Lang occupies a distinguished place, and as he and his work have been directly referred to by name in Professor Max Müller's last treatise he has felt it incumbent to publish this criticism in self-defence.

As the animadversions upon the anthropological mythologists are scattered through the Professor's volume, and are often allusive and not always accompanied by references, the reply has of necessity to assume a somewhat desultory character, reminding one rather of a series of successful cavalry charges rather than the annihilation of an enemy by a more solid artillery fire.

In dealing with the general question just referred to, Mr. Lang scores an easy victory. He shows that the judgment and precaution which the anthropologists have shown in sifting their evidence and reasoning upon it are in no way behind these qualities as displayed by their philological rivals, and that their results are far less discrepant. In this latter connexion the tables which Mr. Lang gives on pp. 35 and 53 are suggestive as exhibiting the range of divergence among the results obtained by the method of etymology.

It is a great misfortune that the philologist and the anthropologist should ever regard themselves as rivals or claim exclusive possession of the subject of mythology. Nature myths, though put by the anthropologist in a lower place than by his colleague, yet are recognised by him as important factors, and he admits the influence which the early poets of all lands have had in the figurative interpretation of natural phenomena, but he regards this as an element of normal growth and not as a disease of language, a series of mistaken puns, or of riddles whose solutions have been lost. Mr. Lang deals with the Professor's criticism on modern views of totemism, fetichism, and cognate subjects, and in doing so displays his characteristic discretion. There is a natural tendency on the part of each writer to use a favourite key to unlock the mysteries of mythology, as in the case of Mannhardt and the spirit of vegetation, but Mr. Lang shows a judicious spirit of impartiality which is the only road to the determination of the truth, for it is probable that even in a single myth concurrent elements derived from diverse original sources have contributed to its shaping. For example, in Osiris, Mr. Frazer sees a variant of the spirit of vegetation. Mr. Renouf sees the sun, and others have seen the deified memorial of an ancestor who taught the Egyptians certain of the arts of civilisation, and there is probably an element of truth in each ascription.

The subject of totemism has been systematically studied by Mr. Frazer, but we have not an equally thorough monograph on fetichism. There is yet much want of definition in the use of the word; and the limits of the association of unseen powers with material objects seem to be very wide. It has been partially treated of by Tylor, Lang and Frazer, but there is room for a scientific reconsideration of all the evidence on the subject. Mr. Lang gives an interesting historical account of the relations of his views on Aryan totemism to those of Mr. Frazer, and his account of the mouse totem is very suggestive. Now that the subject of the races of the Troad and of Greece is being reconsidered in the view of the new evidence on the relations of the Mykenean civilisation, these conflicting opinions may both be right within different bounds. In an earlier digression the relations of Tiele and Mannhardt to the two rival schools is discussed. The independence of the former writer is vindicated, and the reported reconversion of the latter to the side of the etymological school is shown to be at least doubtful.

The three most valuable sections of the book are those which are of positive and not merely polemical value. In the eleventh there is an important discussion of the Arcadian question, and the relation of Artemis to beast dances and similar observances. In the twelfth much valuable matter is brought together on the curious and puzzling rites of fire-walking, which is traced in the ancient custom of the Hirpi of Mount Soracte, referred to in certain Icelandic sagas, and reviewed as practised in recent years in Fiji, Tonga, Raiatea, among the Klings in India, and the negroes of Trinidad, as well as by the Nistinares of Bulgaria. This subject well deserves careful investigation, and experiment might determine whether there is really any substance which can limit the action of heat on the human skin. Many years ago I was told by a famous conjuror, Anderson, well known in the days of my boyhood as the "Wizard of the North," that

* "Modern Mythology." By Andrew Lang. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.) 1897. pp. 212.

liquid storax had a certain degree of protective action, but I have not had the curiosity to test the statement by experiment. If these stories be true, as many observers testify, and as photographs appear to confirm, then there must be some condition of the human skin which enables it to touch incandescent stones without being destroyed; but more knowledge is required on this subject. The last section, on the fables of the origin of death and on the Promethean legends of the stealing of fire, is also important and suggestive.

Fortunately, the ascendancy of the solar myth theory is now a thing of the past, and more rational views are becoming generally adopted on the use of etymology as a guide in mythology, but although the real need for this vindication was not therefore very urgent, yet we owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Max Müller for provoking the publication of this most interesting and entertaining volume. ALEX. MACALISTER.

A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILISATION.*

Professor Mahaffy has done such good work and has such a pleasant pen that his publication of the present volume is to be regretted. In the first place, judging from internal evidence, it is not strictly a book at all, but a reprint of certain lectures delivered in America, and, when we read that "to start from the knowledge and love of God as a great first principle and pass from it into the broadest and most various survey of human knowledge" is not only "the true method of general education," but may also "be called the Chautauqua idea," the only explanation of so strange a statement seems to be that the lecturer is desirous of propitiating a "Chautauquan" audience. In the second place, the title of the book is a misnomer, for about the civilisation of the Greeks—about their farms and houses, their industries and commerce, their social and civil institutions—there is hardly anything said, and the book really deals only with Greek art and literature, that is, with much the same matter as the writer has discussed in previous volumes, to which in consequence he makes frequent reference, in one instance quoting from them no less than fifteen consecutive pages.

As lectures, Professor Mahaffy's remarks must have been very bright and interesting to listen to, and he is often really instructive, but, on the whole, when read in the study, what he has to say seems somewhat thin and unsubstantial, while little tricks of style, such as "I gladly repeat in this place an ode translated for me by Robert Browning," by which a lecturer gives personal interest to his words, somehow fall flat in print, and might have been removed. Showy phrases, too, which when spoken give a certain pleasant shock of surprise, appear less satisfactory when considered calmly, and probably few readers will think that they know Pindar, Plato, and Horace better by seeing them described as "the Gray of Greek Poetry," "the Attic Moses," and "the Roman Tom Moore." Above all, however, the fatal temptation to be attractive which besets a lecturer is most strikingly exhibited in the number of startling paradoxes with which these pages are filed. "The Spartans," we are told, "had better food, better climate, and hence more luxury than their neighbours"; "the pastoral charms of Arcadia" are "a fable"; the "so-called tyrants" were "materially speaking the benefactors of Hellenedom" and the protectors "of many a humble home" from "aristocratic outrages"; the Boeotians were no more stupid than "the ass and the goose, which are among the most intelligent of domesticated creatures"; Marathon was "an unimportant skirmish"; Thucydides has no deep meaning, but in his "contorted and obscure periods . . . the same idea, often in itself obvious enough, is taken up and tossed about like a shuttlecock between the battledores of antithesis"; Demosthenes is "overrated as a politician," and cannot be called "a gentleman"; of Brutus finally, whose name is almost synonymous with inflexible philosophy and patriotism, it is recorded that "there has seldom been a worse criminal."

It is not necessary to discuss these amusing platform paradoxes, all of which contain—as a good paradox must—a certain interesting element of truth, but there is one statement of Professor Mahaffy's which is so positively stupendous that it deserves special note. On p. 182 this sentence occurs:

"The most perfect master of prose as prose had arisen, the master whom our Milton in vain attempted to rival in his ponderous and clumsy Areopagitica."

The "perfect master" is Isocrates, and of Isocrates it may fairly be said that he never wrote a sentence which deserves to be remembered, and that no one can read six pages of him without yawning. He has had an immense reputation, because he was the first to examine and apply the rules for building up an artistic period in prose. His clauses balance one another with perfect accuracy; no final vowel in one word runs rudely into an initial vowel in the next; each concluding cadence has its proper measure of adjusted syllables. In the history of the evolution of prose style he has a distinguished place, for students of rhetoric he has even still some value, but of the splendid genius which illuminates the writings of Milton he has not a spark. In technical excellence he may be compared with Milton, who, however, in numberless passages wholly excels him, but in no other way can any comparison be drawn between the two. Of that quickening spirit, which alone can make even rhythmic sentences worth reading, in Isocrates there is none, while Milton's periods live and breathe with heaven-sent inspiration, immortal "as that soul was whose progeny they are." But why add more? The words I quote recall to every reader of THE BOOKMAN that famous passage on "books" which is without a rival in all literature, both for the nobility of its thought and for the majestic splendour of its language. There is no need to print it, for it has stamped itself on the memory of every man who loves either liberty or literature, and to speak of it as "ponderous and clumsy" is not merely a paradox, but a crime. T. E. PAGE.

* "A Survey of Greek Civilisation." By Professor Mahaffy. (Macmillan and Co.) 1897. pp. 337. 6s.

ENGLISH VERSE STRUCTURE.*

Mr. Omond disclaims the title of revolutionary. At most, he says, he puts old matter in a new light. But the general effect of his work in prosody is to shatter our old notions and tests of verse structure completely. Before this he has stated his theory as it applies to English hexameters; but the present essay covers, generally, the whole field of metre. His thesis is that neither the foot nor the accent, but a period of time, must be regarded as the unit of English verse. Mr. Omond acknowledges that critics after Coleridge put stress on accent rather than syllables. Indeed his pamphlet is a comprehensive guide to the work of other inquirers. But, as a matter of fact, the classical tests are applied, with ludicrous results, to this day by nine persons out of ten who ever think of scanning a line at all. Unquestionably the convention of forming the metre out of spondees, trochees, iambs, and the rest, has been a real hindrance in the development of English verse-music, besides giving occasion for a great deal of stupid criticism. The poets with no arrogant classical education, and the readers with no notion of the meaning of the foot rule, have had the better chance of making and enjoying melody. When this has once been felt, men have said in their haste that English verse is a chaos, to which no rules at all can apply. They are not justified by facts, of course; for while metrical quantity does not exist, natural quantity certainly does. Whether the new guides Mr. Omond suggests be trustworthy or not, he has done an excellent work in making the poet, not the grammarian, the arbiter of excellence.

He has not elaborated his theory; but briefly it amounts to this. The ingredients of English verse, he declares, to be Accent (or emphasis), Quantity, and Pause, the three making up a Period of Time. This addition of his, Pause—by which he does not mean a cessation of the voice—allies his theory to the definite, and on the whole very satisfactory notation of music. In his too few examples of scansion he uses the sign *plus*, when the pause comes in place of an accented, and *minus* of an unaccented syllable. And this is how he deals with an example which had previously been scanned by a grammarian in lines of six trochees:

"– All along the valley+, stream that flashest white,
– Dee—pening thy voice– with the deepening of the night,
– All along the valley+ –, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved– two and thirty years ago."

* "English Verse Structure. A Prefatory Study." By T. S. Omond. 1s. (Douglas.)

It is an ingenious plan, infinitely more intelligent than trying to squeeze all the syllables of these lines into longs and shorts; and it breaks down the absurd division that has existed till now between the scansion and the reading of verse. But it wants elaboration and proof, which we have faith enough in Mr. Omond to believe to be the same thing. We follow him when he speaks of the unimportance of quantity, or of syllabic structure, and when he shows how accent shifts, especially in the verse that pleases most, shifts mainly for the purpose of strengthening the impression of the normal rhythm. We must "expand our idea of recurrence, and regard it as an ideal rather than an actual return of sound. The period is constant, the ideal elements of the period are constant, but the actual constituents may be varied in any way that does not destroy the sense of recurrence." But there are difficulties which we have tested practically in connection with that portion of his pamphlet dealing with the uniformity of time. Having insisted we shall scan musically, not mechanically, he will find many rebels to his statements that the "periods are uniform, equal in length, that the time of each line is the same; the time of the units which form it is the same also." His preliminary criticisms of older systems will have prepared many to refuse to bring any test to a line save musical instinct, and set others endlessly elaborating, till the varieties of even blank verse would pass each other by in the street without recognition. The fault lies in his desire to spare readers dry mechanical details. He should have heaped up examples of his methods of scansion. Would he be surprised to hear that simple lines like,

> "Mindful were the shepherds as now the noon severe
> Bent a burning eyebrow to brown eventide,"

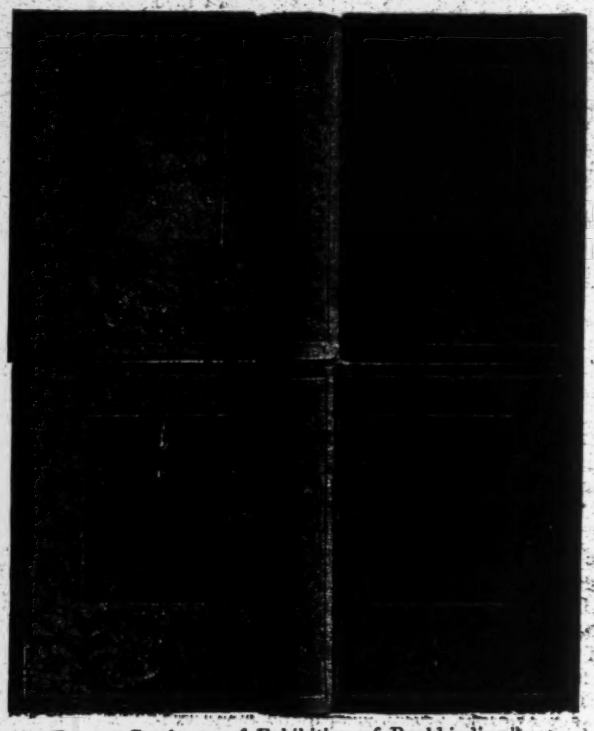
were scanned in four different ways by persons who had thought they had mastered his theory, and who had all previously read them with due attention to cadence? Mad anarchy was the first result of his teaching. He says he does not propose to frame any new system of metrical notation. But perhaps he will think better of it: this is called a prefatory study. He is on the way to something good; and by the help of hints from musical symbols, he could reach the end. For most lines a cultivated ear will suffice. But there are difficult cases which must be tested; and underneath the glorious freedom of our English verse there are laws. Any system that recognises the essential point to be musical character, not syllabic structure; that gives value to Pause; that makes infinite allowance for the delight of variety; that sits at the feet of the poets—and here Mr. Omond, in defiance of the grammarian, is almost servile—will not be likely to hamper the liberty of verse. He stops on the threshold; but at least he has led us to the right door. To recognise the inarticulate constituents of metre as one should understand the poet's suggested thoughts, to trust the poets and defy the pedants, to cultivate the ear, and indulge its delight in variety, these are his lessons. A. M.

MR. STANDISH O'GRADY'S "FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE."

Mr. Standish O'Grady is the first historian who has written Irish history in a philosophic spirit and as an imaginative art. Many have made long lists of kings and battles, and one or two, like Mr. Lecky, have weighed and measured political and economical movements; but Mr. O'Grady alone has looked for the great tides of passion and thought that are the substance of life. One goes to other historians to support a political argument, and, indeed, for all those things which, to use a phrase of William Blake's, are "something other than human life;" but one goes to him to enlarge one's imagination, and to have the more of that philosophy that comes of imagination, and these things are human life itself. One need not always agree with him, and I certainly do not yet agree with more than half of the theory, that is, in the foundations of much of his writings on the Elizabethan age in Ireland. Roused into hostility by the extreme view of the popular Irish historians, who talk of an Elizabethan Ireland, united, but for a few knaves and dastards, in a last struggle against English rule, Mr. O'Grady sees a feudal Ireland, with feudal ideas of freedom, struggling against a modern Ireland, with modern ideas of freedom, and all, ancient and modern Ireland alike, loyal to the crown. When the great chiefs went into rebellion, they went, he holds, mourning that they had been loyal in vain; and when they were pulled down they were pulled down by modern Ireland with England helping. I do not find it difficult to follow Mr. O'Grady, when he explains that the crown had so long been the most powerful of the clans, that its rule, and all the more because it was hitherto little but a nominal rule, was accepted, or half accepted, by the great chiefs, in place of that strong native rule which, but for it, would have come to silence their disorders; but I find it difficult to follow him when he says, or seems to say, that this loyalty was more than the cold and fitful loyalty born of expediency and necessity, and that Ireland, speaking a different language and having different traditions from England, had, I will not say no national antagonism, for nationality is a modern idea, but no racial antagonism to England. Mr. O'Grady may be right, for I am no historian, and human nature is a nearly incalculable thing, but I will find it difficult to follow him, until the Gaelic tongue has given up its dead and I know what was sung and repeated at the hearths of the people, and how the traditions of hunters and shepherds magnified or diminished policies and battles. Some of the evidence on which he relies does not seem to me as strong as it does to him, though it is all interesting enough to have made its discovery a great service to history. He tells in this book how Perrot, the Viceroy, boasted that there was no man in Ireland that would not come to Dublin if he but bade him; and calls the speech "not less true than proud;" and yet there was one, Feagh MacHugh, also told of in this book, and more vividly than ever before in any Irish history, who lived but a few miles from Dublin, and would not have budged an inch for all the Perrots in the world, and Feagh MacHugh had a son that would not have budged either, although Perrot had long wanted him, and had "passionately sought him." Then, too, in *Pacata Hibernica*, of which Mr. O'Grady has given us the best edition, and on which he relies for much of his evidence, there is a saying of a certain "loyal" man, that if the Spaniards came there would be no more loyal men. I make these criticisms, not because I am weary of praising Mr. O'Grady, but because I do not wish to be misunderstood by my Irish readers, who see nothing in Mr. O'Grady's, or in anybody else's, histories, but help or hindrance to some political argument; and return to my praising.

There is in no Irish book, except in Mr. O'Grady's own "Bog of Stars," which should be read with this book, so long a procession of great historical persons: Perrot, with his proud and boastful ways, and his fierce hardihood; the noseless married priest who digs Perrot's grave; the Lady O'Donnell, the "dark daughter," keeping the lands of her imprisoned son at the sword's point; Feagh MacHugh, the masterful feudal dynast among his hills; Sir Felim O'Toole, politic or half-craven; Art O'Toole, living a disorderly drunken life in Dublin taverns, and denouncing and mocking his brother Felim; Viceroy FitzWilliam, with his ailments and his many venoms; and among these, and with all these to hurt or to hinder him, Red Hugh O'Donnell, twice a captive in Dublin Castle and twice a fugitive. The book is of somewhat new a kind in modern days and hard to class. It is not an historical romance, for all of it that is imagination was made for the sake of history; and it is not a history in our modern sense, for much of it is but inference, and Mr. O'Grady does not always check his story to say when it is but inference. It would have met with no complaints in the day of Herodotus, but our timid day will in all likelihood abuse it roundly. It is written with vigour and music, but with less of sustained style than Mr. O'Grady's legendary books, perhaps because he has not the example of the great epics to guide him. Here and there the commentary is a little obvious, but here and there commentary and style alike are lifted up into an almost lyric simplicity and intensity, and never so truly as when he has to tell of that sea of ancient

* "The Flight of the Eagle." By Standish O'Grady. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)



From "Catalogue of Exhibition of Bookbinding."

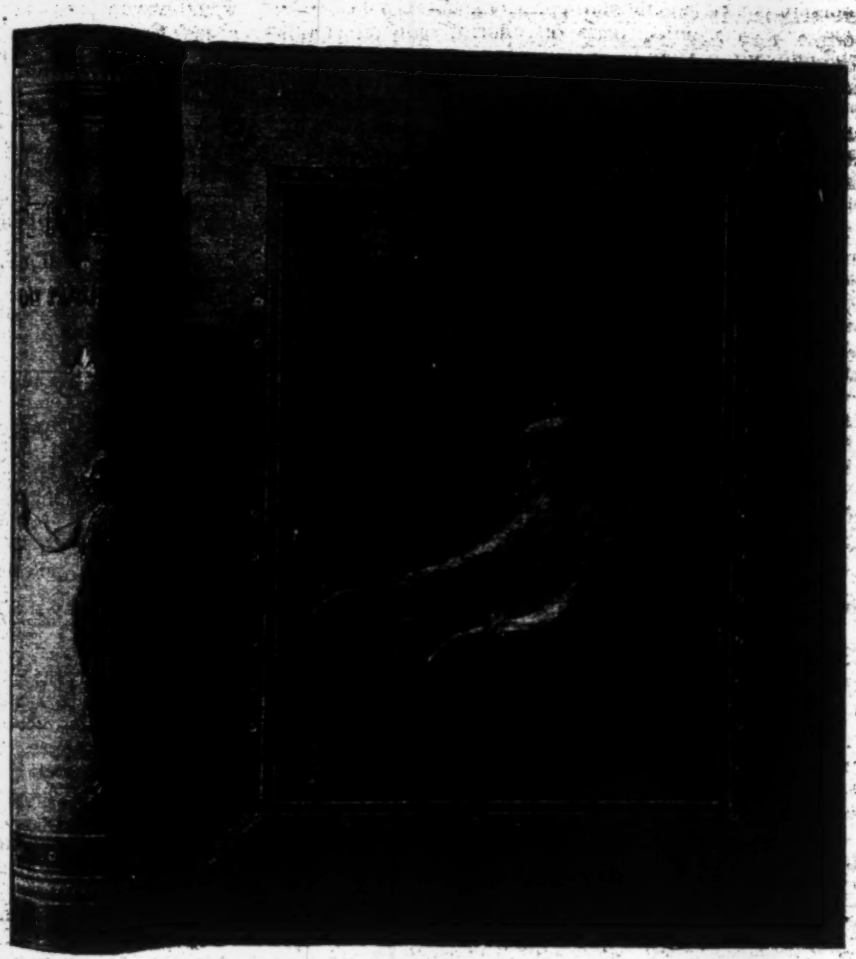
Celtic legend whose flood-gates he was the first to lift. Red Hugh O'Donnell rides into the North to begin his war upon the Government, "the last great secular champion of the Gaelic tradition—the foiled champion too—such is the power of the weaving stars;" and as he rides comes upon Sleive Fuad, most legendary of hills, and Sleive Fuad becomes a person of the history, a symbol of "the Gaelic tradition." "Here Ossian's sire slew the enchanter Alwain, son of Midna, who once a year, to the sound of unearthly music, consumed Taru with magic flames. On this mountain Cuculain seized the wild faery steed, the Leath Macha, new risen from the Grey Lake, ere steed and hero in their giant wrestlings and reelings encompassed Bunba, and in the quaking night the nations trembled. Here, steeped in Lough Lieth's waters, Finn's golden tresses took on the hue and glitter of radiant snow. From the spilled goblet of the god sprang the hazels whose magic clusters might assuage that hunger of the spirit which knows no other assuagement. The Fead Fia was shed around them. Here shined and trembled the wisps of druid-grasses, from whose whisperings with the dawn wind pure ears might learn the secrets of life and death. Here beneath those hazels, their immortal green and their scarlet clusters, sprang the well of the waters of all wisdom. Three dreadful queens guarded it. Sometimes they smile seeing afar some youth wandering unconsoled o'erladen with the burthen of his thoughts, rapt with visions, tormented by the gods, a stranger in his own household, scorned by those he cannot scorn, outcast from the wholesome cheerful life of men—they smile, and smiling dart from rosy immortal fingers one radiant drop upon his pallid lips, and lo the word out of his mouth becomes a sword wherewith he cleaves through mountains; with his right hand he upholds the weak, and with the left prostrates powers, and tyrants tremble before the light of his mild eyes." The enchanted catalogue is long, much longer than my extract, but I at any rate would not tire were it far longer than it is.

W. B. YEATS.

RELIURE DE LUXE.*

In an unpretentious fashion the manager of the Library Bureau, Mr. Cedric Chivers, has opened a small exhibition of leather book-bindings, which deserves more than a mere passing reference. The special forms which these bindings take constitute quite a new departure in the bibliopegic art. Whereas hitherto the leather was treated with tools which impressed the ornaments into the material, or which prepared the material for inlaid patterns; in the case of these bindings, however, the leather is treated as a medium with which the artist can directly work and shape, so that it shall embody and even form part of the design scheme. The method by which this is realised is, roughly, as follows. On leather of the best quality which has been softened in water, the design is first drawn in outline, and then incised with a sharp graver. With an ivory tool, the "wrong side" of the leather is then scraped, within the space of the design, until a hollow is made. Into this hollow is put cement; and by manipulation and pressure (the right degrees of which depend, of course, upon the artist's skill) the design is brought into relief on the "right side." Thus relieved, the design is treated as the artist thinks best for bringing out the most telling effects. The gilding, colouring, and finishing are done after the book is bound.

Of this work the present exhibition contains some charming specimens. The two we reproduce are from blocks which have been used to illustrate the dainty



From "Catalogue of Exhibition of Bookbinding."

* Catalogue of Exhibition of Bookbinding in embossed, modelled, and tooled leather. Bound by Cedric Chivers, and designed by Alice Shepherd. (Library Bureau, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.)

catalogue before us. Others which strike us as favourably are the bindings for "Proverbs in Porcelain," "The Three Musketeers," "Manon Lescaut," and Swinburne's "Studies in Song."

We must congratulate Miss Alice Shepherd on her achievements. This lady is, so far as we are aware, the only person in this country, at any rate, who has attempted this unusual application of decorative and illustrative art. It seems to us that the results here attained would be no easy task to surpass.

The exhibition should have a wider attention drawn to it; since to us it suggests a new and delightful field for the labour of ladies who find themselves gifted with talents, but who are not aware how adequately to employ them.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

HISTORY OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.*

Among the most interesting problems which have emerged in the course of modern thought is the application of the theory of evolution to the constitution and history of the human mind. With the growth of the individual mind from the animal to man, Mr. Crozier does not concern himself. What he proposes to himself is the formidable task of bringing into an order and system, indeed into one organic whole, the vast and varied mass of human thought. Others, notably Hegel, Comte, and Herbert Spencer, have already attempted this. But while Mr. Crozier heartily acknowledges the genius with which these attempts have been carried through, he shows good reason for judging them, not so much erroneous, as inadequate.

In his previous book, "Civilisation and Progress," Mr. Crozier exhibited the great factors in human history; and in the present remarkable work he proposes to apply the general principles enounced in the previous volume, to the detailed development of the human intellect in Religion, Science, and Philosophy. Accordingly we have here a history, on the lines of evolution, of the development of Greek philosophy and Hindoo thought, and also of Judaism and Christianity down to the closing of the schools of Athens by Justinian. It is significant that Mr. Crozier frankly owns that he had not gone far in his inquiries before he discovered that after all ordinary scientific causes had done their best or worst in the explanation of the phenomena, "there still remained a residuum which was unexplained by all special explanations; some unknown power, as it were, which held all the factors together, and constrained them all to a definite and apparently pre-determined end."

There is no part of Mr. Crozier's work which is not fruitful. The various lines on which Greek thought ran become at once intelligible and easily carried in the memory when viewed, as he exhibits them, in their organic growth and concatenation. The development of the idea of God among the Jews has never been more lucidly or succinctly presented even by a specialist. The Messianic idea, its growth and culmination in Jesus, will be better understood from the few pages in which Mr. Crozier hides an immense amount of thoroughly digested reading than from many ponderous volumes. And in his chapters on the evolution of Christianity, the various heresies and the affirmations of doctrinal orthodoxy are alike shown to be necessary and natural. But the part of his investigations in which Mr. Crozier himself has found most interest and by which his own mental and spiritual attitude has been determined is that which concerns the relation of Platonism to Christianity. In an extremely interesting autobiographical appendix the cardinal question is asked, "Why was it that Platonism, with its highly evolved philosophy of the world and of human life, was driven from the field by the crude Mosaic Cosmogony and the simple unsophisticated scheme of Christianity?" His answer is that "while Christianity, which would as little have dreamt of analysing or decomposing the world and the mind into their elements before proceeding to deal with them, as it would of grinding bricks into dust before beginning to build with them, was nevertheless *by making wills the active factors* in its scheme of the world and of man's salvation and redemption, enabled to give completeness, harmony, and satisfaction to every part of man's nature, his intellect, his heart, his passion, his imagination; Platonism, on the contrary, although splitting up the world and the mind into their component parts with great subtlety and insight, yet by failing to re-unite these parts into a whole again, produced indeed a magnificent monument for the delectation of the pure abstract intelligence, but cold and lifeless; and dealing as it did with neither Religious Causes, or Wills, on the one hand, nor yet with Scientific Causes, or Laws of Nature on the other, was unable to satisfy fully either the intellect, the imagination, or the heart."

Vast and complicated as is the subject which Mr. Crozier handles, there is nothing crude and nothing dim in its presentation. On the contrary his work upon any special department of thought will stand comparison with that of experts. He has a genius for seizing upon the essential points and for eliminating all that is accidental or mere excrescence. He has also a genius for exposition, concealing all that is ponderous, and brightening his pages as well as aiding his reader by felicitous illustrations. His work is one of the most considerable additions recently made to philosophical literature, and is so devoid of technicalities that it should find a public beyond the schools. It is sure to receive the attention of all thoughtful persons.

MARCUS DODS.

* "History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution." By John Beattie Crozier. Vol. I. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A GREAT PRELATE.*

Mr. MacDonagh has contributed one of the notable books of the New Irish Library. Dr. Doyle was the one Irish Catholic Bishop since the Reformation who was a leader of men. "Ever a Fighter" might have been his motto. He has to stand comparison with O'Connell as a publicist, for in the great political movements of the day the two stood shoulder to shoulder; and the comparison is not to his disadvantage. A dignified, austere, responsible, terribly serious soul like his was worlds removed from such a one as the Liberator, who was, to some extent, charlatan. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Dr. Doyle, the quality which marked him as a great man no less than a great Churchman, was his extraordinary freedom from class and feligious prejudices. Of personal bigotry there is very little among the Irish Catholic priests and bishops, but there is vehemently a law of holding together and upholding each other. For a mere layman to suggest that a priest or bishop is wrong in Ireland is rank blasphemy. Dr. Doyle stood out from the ranks of his fellows as no other bishop has done, and was repudiated by his fellows. In a narrower time than ours he anticipated Lord Halifax by his passionate desire for union between the churches. "It is pride and points of honour that keep us divided on many subjects, not a love of Christian humility, charity and truth." He advocated mixed education, which is Anathema Maranatha in Ireland. "Children thus united know and love each other, and to separate them is, I think, to destroy some of the finest feelings in the hearts of men." A portion of his youth spent in a Portuguese monastery persuaded him that it would be well if most of the monasteries for men in Portugal were suppressed. With him it was always "Magna est Veritas," and he spoke the truth as it appeared to him in and out of season. In his zeal for the glory of God's house his strong measures must often have scandalized the people about him. He found a diocese into which much laxity had crept under the practically no-rule of a very old bishop. Not laxity of morals be it understood, for the conduct of the Irish priests is a modern miracle, but slovenliness and *laissez-faire*. Dr. Doyle not only prohibited the priests from hunting and attending races, but he burnt the old vestments, and broke up a cracked chalice with a paving-stone. It was no wonder he was often hated and widely misunderstood, no wonder that in his life-time he was called unorthodox, and after death was rumoured to have died a Protestant. It is the same old poisoned shaft which is ready to be flung in Ireland to-day at the independent thinker. Dr. Doyle took life and its responsibilities terribly to heart. He was not a cheerful man by any manner of means, and like all Irish leaders he died

* "Bishop Doyle." By Michael MacDonagh. New Irish Library. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

heart-broken and disillusioned. "Men of Queen's County," began one of his last addresses, during the excesses of the Tithe War, "my blood is upon you." He suffered with his people, and in a sense, sinned with them; but Mr. Mac Donagh's record of his life makes inspiriting reading. It is good that such men should have lived for us who come after them. KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

AN ETHIOPIAN MUSE.*

Mr. Howells writes the introduction to these poems, not merely, and not chiefly, because Paul Dunbar supplies the "first instance of an American negro who had evinced innate distinction in literature," but because he holds that "if his black poems had been written by a white man," he would still have found them admirable. Dunbar's distinguished sponsor asks that they should be judged as poetry, and not because their writer is "black, because his father and mother were slaves, because he was, before and after he began to write poems, an elevator boy." Though it is for his "black poems" Mr. Howells claims distinction, and here his judgment is right, yet the "white" ones range from merely commonplace sentimental songs and moral lessons in clumsy rhyme to some that are very skilful and fine in texture. The song, "My heart to thy heart," the "Border Ballad," with its cheery ring,

> "But it's heigh-ho for a brave old song
> And a glass while we are able;
> Here's a health to death and another cup
> To the bright eye over the table,"

are the evidence of a fine ear that learns our rhythms with quick precision. It is in the "black" poems, however, as Mr. Howells says, that he makes an individual contribution to American literature. These have the qualities of the negro folk-songs—human, wistful tenderness, refined and subtilised. His humour is undoubted. "The Coquette Conquered" is a proof of it, and so is this picture of human placidity:

> "I like to just go joggin' 'long,
> To limber up my soul with song;
> To stop awhile 'n' chat the men,
> 'N' drink some cider now an' then.
> . . . . . .
> An' ez fur boss, I'll be my own,
> I like to jest be let alone,
> To plough my strip an' tend my bees,
> An' do jest like I doggoned please.
> My head's all right, an' my heart's meller,
> But I'm a easy-goin' feller."

Something more than mere curiosity can be satisfied by Mr. Dunbar's unpretentious volume. One can but own his power, feeling the warm languor of his "Song of Summer":

> "Dis is gospel weathah sho'—
> Hills is sawt o' hazy,
> Meddahs level ez a flo',
> Callin' to de lazy.
> Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
> Sunshine softly gleamin',
> D'ain't no work hit's right to do,
> Nothin's right but dreamin.
> . . . . . .
> Go 'way, folks, an' let me 'lone,
> Times is gettin' dearah—
> Summah's settin' on de th'one,
> An' I'm a-layin' neah huh!"

THE PENITENT BANDITO.†

"The Penitent Bandito" should be better known among the books of religious experience. It has not the strong tonic air of the great books of consolation, but a certain intimate tenderness as well as its self-conscious expansiveness should make it a desired companion for certain temperaments, and especially for such persons as are less articulate than the youthful Signor Troilo. There are in it, too, passages of remarkable beauty. Its translator lived in the great age of English, and maybe has given this version a charm which the Italian original of F. Biondi does not possess. It is, therefore, much more than a curiosity; but it *is* a curiosity, especially when humanly considered. Savelli, godson of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratorians, was a high noble, the son of a pious mother, who restrained him by her loving discipline and example till he was fifteen. His next three years were given up to rioting and worse—rapes and murders are mentioned. In despair, finding her persuasions all in vain, his mother caused him, on some pretext, to be shut up in St. Angelo, to be out of the way of his evil companions. That was the signal for the authorities to act. They had winked at the offences of a noble, but a prisoner was not sacred; and he was condemned to death by Pope Clement VIII.—for what particular crime is not stated. At his death he was eighteen. His religious experiences began suddenly in prison, and were of the most fervent nature. His confession and speech were edifying; he died, for all his three years of violence, as a saint, and like a gentleman, too. The one thing his confessor, F. Biondi, did not seem to perceive is that, for all his life of evil, and for all the extent of his Christian experience, he was still a boy. There is a boy's desire to face all suffering gallantly, and wish for more; there is a boy's desire to pour himself out endlessly and be assured again and yet again that he is doing everything possible for reconciliation; there is a boy's pathetic pride in his punctilious respect for the titles of all that were with him at the last; there is a boy's extravagant abasement before the humblest. He died young, though he had been captain of banditti. The Good Angel—the Angelus Custos of St. Jerome—who, in Biondi's words, "carries forward and backward those messages which pass between God and you, who gathers up your sighs, your very countenances, and the humiliations of your heart; there is not one of them which he suffers to lose his way," had never let his child quite out of his sight, though the lad, as Sir Toby says, had long sought all his happiness in rowing "in some boat of music down the tide." Derwentwater, the Jacobite martyr, derived comfort from the tale of young Savelli; and we need not to be cooped up behind iron bars to be touched by it.

TWO FAMOUS SCOTS.*

These volumes are, in spite of certain defects both of plan and of style, useful and readable biographies, and worthy of the places they hold in the Famous Scots Series. It is plain that both Mr. Leask and Mr. Smeaton are enamoured of their subjects. They do not quite say, indeed, that there are no specks upon their suns. Mr. Leask could hardly even carry the *lues Boswelliana* so far as to claim perfection for the marvellous combination of moral weakness and genuine, if limited, intellectual capacity that wrote the "Life of Johnson." Smollett also confessed so freely and fully to that sin of temper which marred his career, that Mr. Smeaton could not have ignored this side of his hero's life had he been so minded. Otherwise both writers are very ready with praise where that is possible, and with apologies where nothing else is available. On the whole, too, both may be allowed to have taken the right views of their heroes. There must have been a certain power of inspiring love in poor Boswell, in spite of his vanity—though that has been rather exaggerated by Macaulay and other critics—and in spite even of his lamentable infirmity, which often brought him not only to the ground, but into the gutter. But for his temper, or what Mr. Smeaton rather extravagantly terms "the vitriolic acidulousness as well as the saturnine bitterness of his nature," Smollett's life would not have been "a long-drawn-out epic of anguish from the cradle to the grave." Even as things were, the author of "Roderick Random" was not without his moments of personal ecstasy or his periods of domestic happiness. As for the literary judgments passed by Mr. Leask and Mr. Smeaton, they are very much the same as the verdicts passed by all competent critics in the past. Mr. Leask does well to quote as a specimen of Boswell's art at its best his admirable rendering of the interview between the two old Pembroke men,

* "Lyrics of Lowly Life." By Paul Laurence Dunbar. With an introduction by W. D. Howells. (Chapman and Hall.)

† "The Penitent Bandito; or, The History of the Conversion and Death of the Most Illustrious Lord Signor Troilo Savelli, a Baron of Rome." Translated by Sir Toby Matthew. Reprinted from the edition of 1663. (Art and Book Co.)

* "James Boswell." By D. Keith Leask. "Tobias Smollett." By Oliphant Smeaton. Famous Scots Series. (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

Johnson and Oliver Edwards, and to say that "No fool with a note-book, no tippling reporter, as the shallow critics say, could have written this." Mr. Smeaton may be allowed also to have grasped the true significance of Smollett's power as a realist when he says, "Smollett's genius was by no means of that purely imaginative, highly spiritual type from which great poetical conceptions are to be expected. He was rather an unsurpassed observer, who, having noted special characteristics of mind as being produced by the fortuitous concourse of certain incidents, straightway proceeded to expand and idealise them." In other words, Smollett was a second-rate Balzac. There are some evidences of hasty writing in both these volumes. Mr. Leask ought not to have put into the mouth of Horace Walpole one of the most famous sayings of Sydney Smith, or credited Mr. Gladstone instead of Mr. Disraeli with having proposed a Parliamentary vote of thanks to Lord Napier for having "planted the Standard of St. George upon the Mountains of Rasselas." WILLIAM WALLACE.

HALLUCINATIONS AND ILLUSIONS.

A fairly complete review of the work of eminent scientists in this field of inquiry up till now can be obtained from this book, which, in its English form, is a considerable improvement on the German original, published three years ago. But Mr. Parish is not merely, and not very successfully, a populariser. His copious references to the principal works on the subject are of great use; but he is too much of a combatant to be the best exponent of other men's views. Indeed, it is for its own methods and its own propositions that the book is mainly valuable. The subject is of widespread interest, but we can promise the lover of eerie sensations no satisfaction from the treatment allotted to it here, which is on strictly scientific lines, and sometimes needlessly obscured by cumbrous and difficult terms. The matter, too, might be dealt with in a more orderly form. But the chief faults all regard the form. The writer has done more than any other on this subject to simplify the question by rasing to the ground clumsy barriers which marked no real distinctions. First of all, he does away with the old division between the illusions and hallucinations of the diseased and of the sane. He holds that "fallacious perception has nothing morbid in itself. The state that occasions it is not morbid. Of course, the underlying cause which induces this psychological state may be, and frequently is, pathological." The false perceptions of the sane and the insane follow the same laws. Likewise, though he still uses the terms "illusion" and "hallucination," it is not in the old sense, which regarded the things so named as different in origin and quality, but in a new one, which refers to the psychological character of the phenomena, and implies only a difference of systematic order.

He has arrived at his conclusions by what is popularly called materialistic methods, that is by physiology, and his success is a guarantee that physiology is a good guide along some part of the way. But the way traversed is as yet very short; and an attentive student of the results so far obtained, who is not a fanatic about physical science, must wonder if the scientists will not have to be helped out at some part of their career by others whom they now despise. At least, the weakest part of Mr. Parish's book is his criticism of the critics of the physiological method. Regarding the illusions of the sane, which, after all, are of the greatest interest to the most of us, touching, as they do, on the states of exaltation in which poets and prophets find inspiration, and more ordinary mortals, at least, vivid suggestions, the greatest lack is reliable evidence. The madman is truthful; but the sane man lies. Inventions and after-additions are constant in his record of illusory experience; and perhaps we shall never know very much of the strange workings of the mind till we force the lips to reveal the picture episodes of dreams, before the dreamer has the chance of forgetting or inventing. Yet even then the lips would lie with the clumsiness of all words. It may be mentioned that the question of dreams, a far too little considered one in science, is but slightly touched on here.

He is no toyer with the ideas of phantasms and portents. The evidence collected by the English Society for Psychical Research and the Munich Psychologische Gesellschaft has been carefully considered by Mr. Parish, and even respectfully; but his conclusion is always Not Proven. This amusing instance out of the Munich Collection is only, according to him, an exaggeration of the usual desperate attempts to connect striking events with each other: "I hereby certify that in May, 1888, my wife and I were awakened simultaneously by a loud noise, which sounded like the breaking of a glass door and the falling of the splinters. There was no such door in our house. I went to see what was amiss, but found everything as usual. Three weeks after my father-in-law died." All telepathic hallucinations he regards with distrust; those of clairvoyance he will not even examine. His attitude is that of the extreme scientific sceptic, who rejects and rejects evidence that does not respond to an almost ideal amount of certainty—a wholesome attitude of warning to persons who are only too easy to convince by statements if they happen to be put forward in scientific form or language. He touches probably on the right source of willing belief in phantasms when he speaks of the satisfaction of the dramatic sense. It is not evidence of immortality the popular mind demands in ghosts; a belief in them is only the sign of the love for a good story. But Mr. Parish, calling from his cold heights for absolute proof, is unconvinceable. And if his methods are right, he will remain so. This, the most popular part of his book, is useful in a negative way; but where he renders most service is in his clearing the whole subject of many unnatural and hindering distinctions, a process which always stimulates to fresh and freer investigation.

* "Hallucinations and Illusions." A Study of the Fallacies of Perception. By Edmund Parish. Contemporary Science Series. (W. Scott.)

LOVE'S MEINIE.*

Of all Mr. Ruskin's minor works this is the most charming, the least irritating, the most characteristic of his amiable side. It abounds in his peculiarly fresh and first-hand observation, in humour, and in that pathetic appeal to the "remnant" which no other can make with such effect. He is more puzzled and grieved by, than angry with, the scientists who confuse an intelligent lay world by endless subdivisions, by quarrelling with the nomenclature of their predecessors, by their insistence on merely dull facts, by their non-insistence on the revelations of beauty in their investigations, and on points of practical interest. Let scientists defend themselves. In his own quiet way Mr. Ruskin is scientific, though his formula of the order of twelve questions each naturalist should ask concerning all birds under observation, beginning with country and scope of migration, and extending to uses in the world, reminds one of the old-fashioned moral-lesson natural-history book. "Love's Meinie" is indeed of that species, greatly sublimated; but at least his information is humanly interesting, and serves to make observant human beings rather than timid specialists. In a way to shock an orthodox modern student he revives old rejected classifications when he finds it convenient. But even if his reasons be not always the best, Mr. Ruskin will lead no one far wrong, for the gospel he preaches throughout the whole book is watchfulness with one's own eye—watchfulness and wakefulness to the wonderful, however often manifested. "Think of this a little," he says, "as if you heard of it for the first time." Mr. Ruskin the draughtsman, the teacher of drawing, has his opportunity here, of course; and this time an opportunity which none will regret, for his methods are fitly applied, and even in words modestly defined: "To paint birds that we may show how minutely we can paint, is among the most contemptible occupations of art. To paint them, that we may show how beautiful they are, is not indeed one of its highest, but quite one of its pleasantest and most useful." And the Ruskinian ideal of accurate workmanship is put very delightfully: "If you are not inclined to look at the wings of birds, which God has given you to handle and to see, much less are you to contemplate, or draw imaginations of, the wings of angels which you can't see. Know your own world first . . . it will be wiser in you to think the gods themselves may appear in

* "Love's Meinie." Three Lectures on Greek and English Birds. By John Ruskin. Third edition. (G. Allen.)

the form of a dove, or a swallow, than that, by false theft from the form of dove or swallow, you can represent the aspect of gods." You can contradict the doctrine for every other art: for painting it is sound—in spite of William Blake. But beside these popular restatements of his views, and besides the lessons in bird-watching charmingly given, there are instances on every page of Mr. Ruskin's humour and humours, his idiosyncrasies and his delightful poetry. "Love's Meinie" is steeped in his individuality.

GOD THE CREATOR AND LORD OF ALL.*

Dr. Harris's previous works have created the impression that he is a philosophical theologian of first-rate ability. The present volumes will do more than confirm this impression. With all the philosophic insight and profundity of his previous writings, the work now issued manifests a knowledge of literature and an ability to use it which is little short of surprising. The reader does not know whether most to admire the weight and solidity of the thinking or the ease with which the weightiest problems are handled and the interest with which they are invested by being discussed in relation to the most influential thought and the most attractive literature. Theology has rarely, if ever, been presented in so attractive a form. Although most of the topics usually dealt with in systems of theology are presented in Dr. Harris's work, there is little of the technicality and nothing of the dryness usually associated with theological text-books. It is devoutly to be wished, that whatever other good purposes this publication serves, it will at any rate inaugurate a more attractive method of presenting theological truth. If there is perceptible here and there a tendency to diffuseness, it is not the diffuseness of garrulous irrelevance, but the slightly overdone elaboration which fulness of knowledge, and possibly the original lecturing form, have imparted. Unquestionably Dr. Harris has succeeded in giving us a book not only to set on our shelves and consult when compelled, but to have within reach and to read for pleasure as well as for enlightenment. It is the work of a large, full, strong, interesting mind.

The title of the work scarcely indicates its scope. In point of fact it embraces all the cardinal topics of theology and philosophical ethics, and accords to all a thorough treatment. The title, however, is exact, although to the uninitiated not sufficiently suggestive of the contents. And as the plan of the book is original, it is perhaps fair to Dr. Harris to explain it. The whole work is divided into four parts; of which the first, entitled "God the only absolute Spirit," gives a justification of theology, removes some misconceptions regarding revelation, explains what is meant by affirming that God is the absolute Spirit, presents a Theodicy especially over-against Pessimism, and fully expounds the doctrine of the Trinity. In the second part, which is entitled "God the Creator," Dr. Harris takes up the Biblical doctrine of Creation, and discusses its relation to scientific and speculative objections. In the third part he passes to the providential government of God, explaining the sovereignty of the Supreme Ruler and its relation to sin. The fourth and largest part is a complete system of ethics under the heading "God the Lord of all in Moral Government."

In this interesting and important exhibition of theology and morals Dr. Harris bases his procedure on his previous discussions of theism. The existence of God is here assumed. But in the earlier chapters some suggestive hints are dropped regarding the bases of belief, and especially instructive is his treatment of the relation which subsists between the "spontaneous belief" in God and subsequent intellectual verification and enquiry. And although of necessity the philosophical basis of theism is not again presented in these volumes, the reader feels throughout the present work that the ground is firm beneath his feet. Not only are all just objections fairly met, and all modern progress acknowledged, but an air of truth-seeking reasonableness accompanies him. The whole treatment is *en rapport* with the realities of life and with modern research. The volumes deserve to be introduced not only to theological colleges but to the lay-reader.

* "God the Creator and Lord of All." By Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. Two volumes. (T. and T. Clark.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE WAYS OF LIFE. By Mrs. Oliphant. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

In her last published novel Mrs. Oliphant has departed from her usual custom, and has written a preface. It is a melancholy preface, and it sounds as if it were forced out of her. Its theme is the discovery which most successful persons must make if they live long enough, that they are being "carried away by the retiring waters, no longer coming in upon the top of the wave, but going out." The tide bears out "not only our little laurels, all tossed and withered, and our little projects, but also the very heart of exertion, our confidence in ourselves and providence." The two stories here are of men who, after prosperous lives, make the discovery that henceforward it would be better for them not to be. They are able, impressive studies of human experience, especially the story of Sandford, abler and more impressive than anything that has come from Mrs. Oliphant's pen in recent years. But though there is an unwonted sternness of tone, she is still true to her old tender-hearted treatment of humanity. It is enough for her to show the pity of things, to point inevitably to the fact that good times pass away. She refuses to let Sandford and Dalyell live on in growing misery and humiliation, and brings merciful death to the ease of both. She will not satisfy the realists, perhaps; but she has gone out of life, having herself known something of the ebbing of the tide of success, and she has used her knowledge with no bitterness, but has turned it into a sympathetic message to those she has left behind.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE. Episodes in the Life of the Illustrious Colonel Clay. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Grant Allen continues to be a dangerous man. Under the guise of what we believe is looked on at this moment as the most desirable kind of family reading—the narrative of crime and its pursuit—under this innocent and beneficent guise he insinuates opinions subversive of the most sacred rights and customs of finance. He presents to us a millionaire, a man whose touch produces gold and diamonds, and a sharper who boasts of putting down the said millionaire in his income-tax paper as worth five thousand a year to him. With impious audacity he steals our sympathy from its legitimate owner, and bestows it on the clever swindler, the gay Robin Hood, the natural outlaw from a society largely plutocratic. More than that, he writes down the millionaire as an ass on every occasion. This is too much. Were it probable, it would bear consolation to a good many of us; but surely to deny his craft is to deny his millions. However, apart from the improbability of the tales and their dangerous effect, namely, every reader's lusty prayer that Colonel Clay may be released to vex yet again the soul and the purse of the millionaire, the episodes are excellent reading. No brighter and more varied detective stories have appeared for many a day.

THE FOLLY OF PEN HARRINGTON. By Julian Sturgis. 6s (A. Constable.)

Pen, a very fortunate young woman, with health and wealth, beauty and audacity, queen in her own London set, went out to remotest Africa. To tell how this came about is the purpose of Mr. Sturgis's story. The reader is left to determine for himself to what portion of her career Pen's "Folly" belongs; but few will place it at the end. She is a masterful, generous, and harum-scarum young woman, whose popularity we believe in; and that is a great admission concerning a mere book-heroine. At the same time we think even obstinacy does not altogether explain her temporary consent to the overtures of Pharamont, so obviously detestable even before his wickedness was discovered. There is an unusual amount of bright and capable character-drawing in the book; and if the Bobbys, those pathetic and most obliging adventurers, seem to have jumped straight out of the pages of Mr. Henry James, we are bound to say they are Mr. Sturgis's own—only conceived in a Jamesian mood. Perhaps the old-fashioned machinery that brought Pen and Pharamont and Blake together in their relations to Kitty Trevor is a little out of place in a book so up-to-date, so lightly, so pleasingly modern. But the answer of most would be that the coincidence makes so much more of a story.

THE STEPMOTHER. A tale of Modern Athens. By Gregory Xenopoulos. Done into English by Mrs. Edmonds. 2s. 6d. (Lane.)

That a delicate subject is handled in a delicate manner in this Greek story of to-day, is what had best be kept prominent in a judgment of the book. A father and son are rivals for the love of a beautiful young woman. The father, a gay, good-natured, charming, not very observant person, marries her, and never discovers his son's misery. The son, in the end, behaves like an honourable man. Mrs. Edmonds, by writing a preface in which she seems to treat this very slight story as capable of vividly presenting domestic life in Athens among the comfortable classes, has attached to it too much responsibility. But so, too, does its author, whose chief purpose was to show the evils of early marriage. That a grown-up son may fall in love with his step-mother is a possible consequence of his father marrying, for the first time, too young; but the evil might be attacked on several stronger grounds.

DRACULA. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (A. Constable.)

Since Wilkie Collins left us we have had no tale of mystery so liberal in matter and so closely woven. But with the intricate plot, and the methods of the narrative, the resemblance to stories of the author of "The Woman in White" ceases; for the audacity and the horror of "Dracula" are Mr. Stoker's own. A summary of the book would shock and disgust; but we must own that, though here and there in the course of the tale we hurried over things with repulsion, we read nearly the whole with rapt attention. It is something of a triumph for the writer that neither the improbability, nor the unnecessary number of hideous incidents recounted of the man-vampire, are long foremost in the reader's mind, but that the interest of the danger, of the complications, of the pursuit of the villain, of human skill and courage pitted against inhuman wrong and superhuman strength, rises always to the top. Keep "Dracula" out of the way of nervous children, certainly; but a grown reader, unless he be of unserviceably delicate stuff, will both shudder and enjoy from p. 35, when Harker sees the Count "emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that dreadful abyss, *face down*, with his cloak spreading out around him like great wings."

THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC. By S. Levett Yeats. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

This is unquestionably the best cloak-and-sword story that the past few months have produced; and every month sends out a score or so of passable things of the kind. Of course, it is made according to the well-known receipt. There is the impecunious noble lord, young, valiant, and hard beset by misfortune till the fifth act; there is the beautiful and spirited and yet most feminine heroine; there is the faithful squire; and there are the swaggering bully and the intriguers that keep the hero so long from the favour of a magnificently generous king. All common stuff enough; but woven here with skill and lightness, and making a fabric glancing with cheerful light. Mr. Levett Yeats takes no pains to keep present-day colloquialisms out of a tale of old France; but what of that, since he can tell a story?

THE LADY GRANGE. By A. Innes Shand. 6s. (Smith, Elder).

Victim of the infamous Simon Fraser and of her own husband, Lady Grange has been the subject of much curiosity, of many theories, of hot partisanship and abuse. Mr. Shand gives one version of the notorious abduction, the motives for it, and its consequences—a cool, sane version, which suggests the historical student rather than the romance writer. As a novel his book is not imaginative, hardly attractive, but it has stuff in it, some excellent judgment, good writing of a dry, austere kind, and abundant material from which a reader with some vividness of fancy and constructiveness of mind can easily build up a picture of the stormy times in Scotland after the '45.

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS. By Henry Lawson. (Simpkin.)

Australia sends us too much dull fiction; but Mr. Lawson is no culprit. These stories, sketches, and talks extracted from Sydney and other colonial papers, are brief, strong, business-like, and vivid pictures of camp-life and character. Existence out there isn't all beer and skittles, we gather. Mr. Lawson speaks of toil, poverty, sordidness, and sin as familiarly as does any writer of the old country. It is not a romantic, it is indeed a rough, commonplace life he tells of. But there is a light shining over his experiences—the light of good comradeship. The stories, clever, energetic, and kindly, have some of the best qualities of Bret Harte's earlier manner.

IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Grace Denis Litchfield. 6s. (Putnam.)

Here our old friend, the Sunday-school story, is sublimated almost into a real novel. But it carries the stamp of its origin into its more dignified state. There is the good young man, and there is the bad young man, both in love with the same beautiful young woman. The good young man is blamed for causing the death of a friend, while the bad young man is, of course, the culprit. Whereupon, the young woman, who had bestowed her affections with discretion, turns round and gives her hand to the bad young man, and only discovers his treachery too late. The good young man goes off to drown his sorrows in Art, and the young woman sets about the reform of her husband. He needs more reforming than she dreams of at first, and hers would have been a long task had he not died—in an exemplarily violent fashion. Whereupon the good young man comes into his reward. For sensation there is an earthquake; and to give the novel flavour, there is a series of ambitious, but rather lifeless, society portraits in Washington, U.S.A. Yet stript of its fine company features, it might have had, with the recommendation of the squire's lady, a successful career among village Marys and Susans.

THE PAPER BOAT. By Palinurus. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)

"The Paper Boat" is holiday fiction, and to be enjoyed at all must be read within sight of masts and within sound of the sea. Indeed yachtsmen are its proper audience, for all the good stuff in it deals with their interests and adventures. "My First Big Race" contains an exciting narrative of the contest between two crack cutters, and "The Voyage of the *Florette*" has points which a helmsmen only can appreciate. But the story in the latter, and in others too, suggests that it was clumsily invented to give an excuse for talking of boats. As stories they are all poor, of an unattractive old-fashion in tone and mechanism, and one at least, "The Telephone Incident," utterly commonplace, and with nothing about any kind of craft in it, has obviously been thrust in to make up bulk.

FALSE GODS. By Mrs. Albert Bradshaw. 6s. (Henry.)

This is a story to make one interested not in itself but in the writer's experience of human nature. Some of it is certainly derived from old melodrama; the rest is inexplicable. Mrs. Bradshaw's aim was to depict a woman who loved money and fine clothes and luxury more than anything else. So far all right; there are such. But her history is the clumsiest invention. She is married and has one child (whom she loves, by the way), when an advertisement warns her she is heir to a fortune. On inquiry she finds she can enjoy the fortune on condition of having no encumbrances. Without consulting anyone, she casts off the encumbrances, and presents herself as an unmarried woman. For years she makes no sign to her husband. This colossal coolness is hard enough to swallow; and it is followed up, of course, by a worn-out device of introducing the husband unknowingly as secretary into the household of which she is a member. Confronted with him, she has the audacity to say, "I did it all for you! One day I should be free, and then you would profit." But she still keeps up the game, till the husband has had time to die of a broken heart, and a fine gentleman comes by who says, "Yes, I know she is a bad lot, but then, you see, I love her for herself." Everything is false or incapable in the book, the sentiment, the seriousness, the course of events, the travesty of human nature.

A STORY-TELLER'S PACK. By Frank R. Stockton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Let every seaside library buy dozens of copies of Mr. Stockton's "Pack." No pedlar is likely to come round

with a richer these holidays. The stories are in his very best vein, for the most part—all save one; in spite of its enticing name, "The Bishop's Ghost and the Printer's Baby" is very poor stuff, and unworthy of a place beside "The Magic Egg"—though that is a horribly unjust little tale—or "The Staying Power of Sir Rohan," or the delightful "Widow's Cruise," one of Mr. Stockton's masterpieces of fun.

THE FAULT OF ONE. By E. A. Rowlands. 6s. (K. Paul.)

Says the writer profoundly, "The top of an omnibus is by no means the worst place in the world to see the life of London streets; on a sunny afternoon in June it is decidedly pleasant up aloft, for if there be the faintest of faint breezes stirring the air, an 'outside' passenger gets the benefit of it." The last clause or two reveal at once the patient conscientiousness of Miss Rowlands and the general temper of the book—which, though we quote pp. 1 and 2, we have read to the end. The young hero, the "outside" passenger whose penury and grief were qualified by the inexpensive breezes, came down from that omnibus to inherit a fortune and a title from his wicked uncle, and to win a most undesirable wife. That wife was a sore trial to him, who was always something of a muff, and ever sucking in the sympathy of some woman. However, the bothersome Zillah elopes and dies. Then another woman tells him he is in love with the admirable young widow Sheila. Sheila, however, is so admirable that she would have refrained from the happiness of such a desirable union had not the widower appeared with his blind young son in his arms; and then they all melt and mingle their tears and their fates. And the reader hardens his heart, and takes to boxing-gloves or to stiff mathematics.

THE WINDS OF MARCH. By George Knight. 6s. (Jarrold.)

In plan and in general strength this is a great advance on the author's previous work. It is coherent, not too ambitious on the imaginative side, and it gives clear utterance to what we feel sure is the strongest feeling of the writer's heart—generous sympathy with the toilers of a great city. It is a story of the gradual emancipation of a man whose life has been stunted and curbed by religious bonds. From being a hard-working curate he turns doubter; thence he seeks the calm security of the Catholic Church; but his nature rebelling against the restrictions, he comes out into the open, to marry and live a life of brave human endeavour. Mr. Knight has yet to learn self-control; his delight in melodramatic violence is childish and morbid, and the passage where Magnus tears his scapular in twain, turns on the brethren like a stag at bay, and laughs like a maniac, is only unpleasant and improbable. The heroine who effects the emancipation is painted in lively colours on the outside, but she is not very real. It is no longer permitted to make a calm pink and white saint, but saints are so easy to manage in a novel that they cannot be given up. Nowadays they are generally given, as in Bab's case here, a rough tongue, permitted even to swear a little, and endowed with boundless energy. But Mr. Knight is a little nervous lest she should be unattractive to his weaker brethren; and he provides her before the end with a saving weakness: he strikes her blind. The unconventionalities of the book are very mild, and can distress nobody. Its generous interest in common human nature is quite sincere.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

WITH THE TURKISH ARMY IN THESSALY. By Clive Bigham. 6s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Clive Bigham as the *Times* correspondent was a personage worth helping courteously in the discharge of his duties, and accordingly he saw much, and has only polite things to say of the Turkish authorities. He calls his book a rough sketch, but this is to wrong it. It is an unusually clear, businesslike narrative of the principal events in the Thessalian campaign, from the Greek incursions at Grevena and Karna to Domoko and the occupation of the southern part of the country. There is never anywhere an attempt to be lively or picturesque, and so much the less temptation to inaccuracy. The judgment on the relative strength and weakness of the two armies is coolheaded and dignified. There are no recriminations; there is no abuse—though, of course, not the shadow of a doubt but that the Turks were in the right all through. Towards the end Mr. Bigham indulges in a few generalisations, based on his ten weeks' observations. From a military point of view his conclusion is that "Neither army was in reality mobile, but the Turks showed themselves distinctly capable of mobilisation." Add capable officers and really good organisation, "impart a thorough moral and physical training to all ranks, and you will have the most exceptionally strong army that has ever been let loose on the earth. When the next Alexander or the next Napoleon arises he will find this out, and he will lead either the Chinese or the Turks." A terrible prospect, qualified by the remote probability of the conditions being fulfilled. Panhellenism and Panislamism he has not much belief in. But he is one of those to whom Panslavism is a bogey.

CHAP-BOOK ESSAYS. 3s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)

Reprinted from the pleasant and above all very sightly little American periodical, the *Chap Book*, these essays are sure to be met by the formidable question of the earnest person—were they worth re-printing? It is perhaps not mannerly to be always of such serious demeanour. But face to face with the question, we must answer No, of all save one or two. Yet they are mostly agreeable. True, Mr. Boyesen's study of "Little Eyolf" never would be missed; and Mr. Lewis Gates, in ingeniously saying old things in new ways about "Mr. Meredith and his Aminta," forgets to mention Aminta, about whom there is a good deal still left to be said. On the other hand Miss Morse Earle's bright efforts to amuse us lightly with literary matters are quite successful; and a certain worth is given to the whole volume by a passage in Mr. John Burrough's "Bits of Criticism," which contains the better half of a truth too much ignored by reviewers: "Is it not unfair to take any book, certainly any great piece of literature, and deliberately sit down to pass judgment upon it? Great books are not addressed to the critical judgment, but to the life."

OF DANDYISM AND OF BEAU BRUMMELL. Translated from the French of Barbey D'Aurevilly by Douglas Ainslie. (Dent.)

Best begin with the externals of this little book. It is charming; quite one of the daintiest things of the season; a credit to binder and designer. Prettily printed, too; but we offer our condolences to the translator and publishers for the absurd errors that mar the fair pages. The number of times a celebrated French writer is disguised under the name of "Montesquien" is astounding. "Vieille" appears as "Vielle" several times, and M. Octave Uzanne as Uzaune. Those who do not know the original essay should delay no longer to give themselves a delight; though we must own the present version is very good, much above the average of translations at the present day. But the translator's preface is a real curiosity. Mr. Ainslie has taken himself and his task very seriously, and it is a strange fate indeed that has made him a commentator on Barbey, who has here half-a-dozen moods—the mock-heroic, the sentimental, the satirical, the sincerely-serious (for a moment or two), the bantering, who apes the solemn historian delightfully, and now and again takes himself in. But to Mr. Ainslie it is all equally solemn. His remarks, however, on the importance of D'Aurevilly's study are surpassed by those that refer to his own, which are studded with gems. "The vain speculation," he says, "as to what position Brummell would occupy, were he now living, has sometimes attracted the translator. That he would be paramount in whatever sphere he affected, goes without saying." But, then, what sphere that he might affect would be open to him?—walking-gentleman at a drapery establishment, or an eccentric retained by a popular daily? Nay, Mr. Ainslie thinks he would have led the vanguard of the Smart, and would have "freed it from much plutocratic vulgarity." The bogey of the elegant translator is evidently the dreadful *parvenus*, "who used to be delighted with seats in the dress-circle of the social play, [but] have now bought up the stalls, where they sit and teach the manners of the servants'-hall to their former social superiors." There is a digression about the true inwardness of a gentleman's dress

when he is going to a wedding, which must equally charm the tailor and the man of humour. Let them buy the book and unite, for once, in a common joy. Then in an ascending scale of solemnity we arrive at this—"Dandyism may be taken as the art of selection, practised by a lover of the visible world, and of the true dandy this trite Latinism will ever be the best description—*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*" It is trite, but it is not a Latinism any more than "A man's a man for a' that" is a Scotticism. This is an interruption, however. To proceed: "For Dandies and Dandyism are immortal." And if all good things had their due, Mr. Ainslie's preface would not die soon.

LORD VYET, AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (John Lane.)

This is a slender volume of very unequal verse, which does not show the accomplished writer at his best. Some pieces are finely finished, others are slipshod; some seem to be born of a genuine poetic impulse, but "A Trio," for instance, is a very cheap production, and surely "The Siren" can sing more sweetly than this:

> "Here the welling wave shall strengthen
> Thee to brave the further stress,
> Rest thee till the shadows lengthen,
> Ah yes, yes!"

But, on the other hand, such poems as "The Railway" and "The Shepherd" are vivid, picturesque, and artistic. "The Shepherd" indeed is one of the neatest of impressionist character-sketches. "Evensong" has much simplicity, daintiness, and spontaneity. Perhaps Mr. Benson reaches his highest level in "The Ringdove," which has quite caught the stately accent of Matthew Arnold, and is almost worthy of him. There are in the volume sixteen sonnets, and they are evidently the work of an accomplished sonneteer.

CASTILIAN DAYS. By John Hay. 4s. 6d. (Lane.)

This English edition might have been prefaced by a statement of the circumstances under which Colonel Hay saw Spain, or enlarged by an additional chapter dealing with the changes observable in recent years. The book was written in 1870; but the author has preferred to give it us in its early state, and, of course, one gathers in a page or two, from references to Prim and the French Empire, to what epoch it belongs. The papers, if not distinguished, are very readable still, even the most trivial ones, and present a fairly comprehensive view of Spanish life, domestic, religious, political, a quarter of a century ago. By far the best, and they have the exceptional merits of the enthusiastic and cultivated American traveller, are the papers on "The City of the Visigoths" (Toledo) and "The Cradle and Grave of Cervantes." Some of the others do not lose in interest by the presence of certain sturdy racial prejudices observable in his judgments—for the most part wholesome in effect.

LIFE IN EARLY BRITAIN. By B. C. A. Windle. 3s. 6d. (Nutt.)

As an introduction to the study of Prehistoric Archæology, Professor Windle's book is both serviceable and attractive. His aim is to supply the intelligent traveller with such information as will enable him to understand the significance of prehistoric monuments, be they camps, or dolmens, or barrows; and to trace in games, tales, customs, laws, and language something of the history of an ancient social state. His statements are in line with the best-proven among latest theories, and, helped largely by excellent illustrations, his chapters on Neolithic Man, on the Bronze Period, on the Roman and the Saxon occupations of the land, are full, intelligible, and bright—the work of a man with a special gift for teaching. For the very readable chapter on Tribal and Village Communities the authorities cited are perhaps more popular. But Professor Windle is no pedant. He sees that the first thing of importance is to rouse interest; and that for all the worth and all the caution of purely scientific investigators, they may be a little repellent to beginners. So it is not a strict historian of the modern school he bids these turn to for light on what the Celts have done for the national character and its expression, but to Matthew Arnold. A useful feature is the list of places in England illustrating objects described in the text; but it is too meagre: anyone with eyes who has taken a walk through Surrey, for instance—and Surrey is probably not rich in remains, and it certainly has been little worked—will know of more monuments than Cardinal's Cap near Caterham and Cæsar's Camp at Wimbledon. But Professor Windle owns the incompleteness of the list, and begs for help in this direction from his readers.

LIGHT FROM THE LAND OF THE SPHINX. H. F. Witherby. 320 pp. 12s. 6d. (Eliot Stock.)

This work is of a decidedly devout tone throughout, and forms an interesting commentary to those portions of the book of Exodus which relate to the oppression of the Israelites, their delivery from bondage, their encampment before Mount Sinai, and the giving of the Law. Recent discoveries which throw light upon the history of the period, and the habits and customs of the Egyptians are brought to bear upon the subject. The entire volume exhibits considerable research and much patient investigation. The author has, however, drawn inferences and made statements which lead him into difficulties. An instance of this occurs in the account of the plague of murrain, "The blow in one moment deprived Egypt of its cavalry and the service of its famous war-chariots." Subsequently, at the crossing of the Red Sea they are required: and we read, "Pharaoh's six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them, and all the horses and chariots of Pharaoh, and his horsemen and his army joined in the pursuit." Again, "Until definite information is obtained we may be content to consider the mummy of Meneptah now lying at Ghizeh, as that of the Pharaoh who perished in the struggle between Egypt and Israel." Unfortunately for the author and for science, the mummy of Meneptah does not lie at Ghizeh! nor has it up to the present time been discovered. It was not with the other royal mummies found in 1881 in their concealed resting-place near Deir el Bahari! Its absence strengthens the inference from Scripture, and the Arab tradition, that Pharaoh perished in the Red Sea. It is also possible that the mummy may have been destroyed either in ancient or more recent times. The site of the City of Rameses (supposed to be identical with Tunis, by Mr. Witherby) has not been ascertained. M. Navile considers that it occupied the position of Phacusa near Zag-azig, or Bubastis, and that the Israelites marched from that spot up the Wady Tumilat to Succoth. The serpent or asp never assumed the office of guide of the dead; this service was performed by the jackal-headed divinity Anubis. The two ostrich feathers in the crown of Osiris denote Truth, and are emblems of the goddess Mât, and are not "royal" emblems.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON. By T. Fairman Ordish, F.S.A. 3s. net. (Dent.)

Shakespeare's chief work was done in London; there is ample evidence that he knew his London well; and Mr. Ordish thinks very rightly that London should share with Stratford-on-Avon the honour of association with his name. Mr. Ordish is a learned antiquary, and he has put into this study of London as it was in Elizabeth's reign an extraordinary amount of research into architecture, popular customs, and the conditions of the dramatic art. A reduced reproduction from Visscher's View of London in 1616, and some excellent architectural drawings, help us to reconstruct the scenes with which Shakespeare was familiar, and some part of the times in which he lived his most strenuous days.

NATURAL HISTORY IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. By H. W. Seager, M.B., etc. (Elliot Stock.)

This is "a collection of the quaint theories about Natural History accepted by Shakespeare and his contemporaries," and not "Borderland" itself is a more entertaining study in popular credulity. But the compilation is not only entertaining, it is also perplexing. We can understand a belief in astral bodies, but a belief in some of the creatures described and depicted here completely puzzled us. There are birds with their necks tied in knots, and scorpions with four neat little legs; while we are gravely told that "the goat breathes at the ears, and not at the nose," and that the elephant "has no joints in its legs." The Natural History treats not only of fauna, but also of flora and precious

stones, and we have numerous prescriptions for baldness and for freckles, and such like. Even more interesting than the Natural History itself would be an explanation of the origin of the various errors, but this Dr. Seager does not attempt. The compilation has little scientific value, but viewed simply as a collection of quaint theories and ideas, it is most entertaining and suggestive.

THIRTY YEARS OF TEACHING. By L. C. Miall. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

There are a few trivial pages in this book, but there is not an arid nor a pompous one; and considering its subject, what higher praise can we give it? There is a good deal to disagree about, and there are problems that are only just started; but it is beyond all question useful. Professor Miall is an eminent lecturer on advanced science, yet his papers are addressed to fathers and mothers, teachers of elementary and of high schools, to anybody who has to control and influence children. There is nothing flabby or vague about them; they are based on the observation of real children. His advice is excellent, and so is his encouragement, as, for instance that to the unready speaker—"Of all the gifts of the orator none are required except that he should speak up and sound his consonants." There is an excellent, homely chapter on "Helplessness and Handlessness," and among the more detailed essays those on "Elementary Geometry" and "Nature Study" are worthy of close reading. Others again, while intelligent so far as they go, are quite inadequate—notably that on "School Lessons in Drawing," which contains this sentence, after some sensible remarks on the necessity of elementary training of the eye:—"Whether you can ever make an artist of a schoolboy I don't know, but I think I should not try." Well, there have been artist-schoolboys before now; and for the doubt implied as to the good of encouragement, we do not find it in his remarks about any other department of education. There is an interesting dialogue on the much-vexed question of the help of psychology in teaching. Professor Miall believes that it is a help, though he says, "As yet it is rather hopeful than useful, and the practical teacher not unnaturally treats the psychological lecturer of 1897 much as a grandmother would treat the little boy who, elated by a recent school-lesson on heat, should try to show her how to boil an egg"—a weak parody this last. "All the same, the future is on the side of scientific psychology." If so, education and the children are going to have a bad time of it while this science is a new broom. In the dust of the theory it sweeps up, the little human beings will be hidden and half suffocated.

SONGS OF DEATH AND LOVE. By Margaret Armour. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

There are verses here of so unequal merit that they make very bad neighbours. There are a good many that say nothing at all to us, and say it indifferently. But now and again we are struck by a delicate picture, a suggestive and imaginative brevity that convince us of the writer's lyrical powers. The "Firelight Fancy" is one, a dream seen by safe and happily-housed lovers of other lovers just like them:—

> "In that city long ago
> Whelmed beneath the lava flow."

And another is "Behind the Hill," the idea in which is perhaps rightly interpreted as companionship in death. Like Miss Armour's verse, Mr. MacDougall's pictures and decorations are unequal. Generally imaginative, they are sometimes clumsy.

GEORGE MORLAND'S PICTURES. By Ralph Richardson. (Stock.)

The admirers of Morland—and they are increasing, for he stands the test of time—owe Mr. Richardson a deep debt of gratitude for this useful work. It consists of a list of the present proprietors of Morlands, with details of their collections, the proprietors of his *engraved* paintings, with dates and all other necessary information, and an index to the localities where the fortunate people dwell. It is a book which no student of British art can afford to ignore.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS. Selected from the *Guardian*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*, 1846-1890. By the late R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L. Two volumes. (Macmillan and Co., Ld.)

Lord Blachford has connected the name of Dean Church with the origin of the *Guardian*. When Newman joined Rome, and left those who had adhered to him, "headless, unorganised, suspected by others, and suspecting each other," it occurred to them that a newspaper might give them coherence and a medium of influence. James Mozley, Thomas Haddan, Church, Bernard, and Lord Blachford himself formed the original promoters and staff. Dean Church continued to be a regular weekly contributor both of reviews and articles until 1871. Between the years 1874 and 1880 he was not in sympathy with the line taken by the *Guardian* in ecclesiastical affairs, and accordingly during that period he contributed only an occasional review; but subsequently he resumed his more constant support. The papers are not long but they are quite worth exhuming from the files of inaccessible journals. Together they form a fairly complete survey of the literature of the past generation, passing in review Carlyle's "Cromwell," Newman's "Apologia" and "Sermons," Frederick Robertson's "Sermons," "Ecce Homo," Renan's various writings, Mark Pattison's "Essays," Lecky's "History of European Morals," Ranke's "History of the Popes," and other books of mark. The judgments pronounced in these volumes cannot be said to be absolutely unbiassed. Dean Church was a man of ripe culture, but that he felt intensely appears in both his antipathies and his predilections. The note of partisanship which characterises so much of the writing of his school is probably due to the circumstances which brought its members together. But the same charm attaches to these papers as to all that the late Dean Church wrote. Of crudeness in form, of hastiness in expression, of carelessness in style, there is not a trace. Frequently there occur passages of remarkable grace and elevation; while the criticisms are throughout characterised by a singular particularity of analysis. Such papers should reassure the public that the reviewing of books is at least sometimes conscientiously done by competent hands. And all who have learned to recognise in Dean Church one of the masters in English style will give these fresh examples of his art a cordial welcome.

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The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. C. W.—Why change the scene in so short a piece? The second dialogue might as well take place at R.'s—provided R. is suddenly called away for a time. Thus simplified, it might have some success as a little drawing-room comedy. The conversation is not witty, but bright actors might do much for it, as the ruling idea is amusing.

A. H. C.—If any part of it had been finished, that is, in a state which almost satisfied yourself, I could judge your capabilities better. With all the alternative words, the half-finished lines, and the illegibility of the MS., it is impossible to form a definite opinion. I should advise you to write out a fair copy of one passage, after you have revised it. Then I shall look at it again. The idea is poetical; but there are grave faults in the execution, and sometimes you write nonsense, *e.g.*, "Capacious windows opened wide their sash, but nought revealed but ugly sights t'abash, The eye." I advise you to work hard at at least one part of it; it will be a wholesome exercise in your present condition to mend rhymes and metre. But I do not think the subject a good one for you, and if you have a better, that is a more definite one, in your mind, abandon this.

ALAN.—The criticism of the first book you mention is so good that I am surprised you should think the other worth commenting on at all. The views on teaching of literature are true, and so seldom expressed, that you might usefully expand pp. 3-5 into a paper for

an educational journal. The article is interesting, and shows a good deal of thinking power.

EVERETT ARNOLD.—Correct and dignified. But, seriously, is there one idea in them worth expressing in verse? Wait till the experience of life suggests more living subjects.

B. S. M.—It is plain you got tired of the task before the end. By the fifth chapter the style becomes like that of an economical telegram. Yet there is something in the material of the story worth working at. Since your characters are not very strong in individuality, I should advise you to complicate and delay the revelation of the plot. The end can be guessed almost at the beginning, and then the interest dies. Send O. out of the way for a time, so that he shall have to do his part in the plot without help from the others. The letter revealing everything, page 17, is a mistake.

C. G. Y.—One, "Aspiration," is unusually good, and proves real talent for verse. The line in it beginning, "The mere perception," however, I do not like. "The Question," is also pretty and sympathetic. But the others I do not think are successes. They are dull, and, for the thought in them, wordy. The more lyrical measures you manage better. But there is promise in this batch of verse.

COASTER.—As to a series of the kind, I cannot judge your capacity nor your experience of the kind of life you describe. One of the tales you send is very bright, the other is thin and dull. A connected series of stories is apt to force a writer's invention too artificially in one direction. In Joe, the character you drop suddenly in No. 1, you have a new hero ready to hand. Your mixture of slang and dialect is sometimes quite unintelligible. Correct or not, you should modify it if you wish to be understood.

COLONIST.—Heavy reading. As you evidently have at heart the subject dealt with in the pastor's sermon, and the young hero's letter to W., you had best deal with it in a short article of about three pages' length, and have it printed and distributed locally. Your local paper might help to make it more widely known.

DOMINIE.—The second sketch is vigorous, and, I should think, true to life. The first and third are a little sickly, and most of the others rather pointless. But one, "A Portrait," shows talent. You have two that are quite worth while sending out.

E. J. T.—You describe the episode brightly enough, but the child-heroine is so detestable that you cannot win sympathy for your work. It is not a lack of affectation, but a fine eye to the main chance which is the principal point about her. Better luck next time in your subject! The reflections and quotations are just a little out of keeping with what follows.

F. R. C.—The main verse narrative is hardly worth revising, but the sentimental song, p. 13, is very pretty in its way. So also that over the leaf would be; only the refrain is absurd and unnecessary. General encouragement in literature I cannot feel justified in giving, but you might again have lucky hits in composing drawing-room songs.

GEOFFREY.—From chapter 2-12 the story is bright and well constructed. The workmanship, too, is much above the average. I recognise the careful writing in the prologue and epilogue, but it is less successful than your more ordinary style, and the former has nothing to do with the subject so far as I can see.

HAMILTON.—The second subject is by far the best, and if you can supply photographs to illustrate the article I have no doubt it will be accepted. The special information you refer to would have a price, but, of course you should in courtesy let M. know your intentions. I should not offer it to a literary journal. It is the social side of the man about which you have something to say. The verses, previously sent, are poor.

J. L. M.—Creditable journalism. No. 2 is a very bright report. No. 1 is a little spoilt by the unnecessary general comments, which are trite.

J. S.—I think the opening is not so good as that of the last. The dialogue is heavier. Then, too, you should carefully revise all the blank verse. It is frequently at fault in metre and rhythm. The reflections also are sometimes a little trite; those that strike you so during your next reading of it, you should strike out. The play would lose nothing by being shortened. Punctuation is shaky, and sometimes obscures the meaning. And don't puzzle an editor unnecessarily by eccentric arrangements of your MSS. The passages you call attention to are rather verbose, and are faulty in metre. On the whole, this is less good than the last, but it has vigour in parts.

JOYCE.—This is the skeleton. Now clothe it. I don't mean make the story much longer, but use the right kind of words and the most effective kind of brief description. There is so little incident that to be worth anything it ought to be exquisitely written, and full of suggestion. Practice, not reading, will help you in writing short paragraphs, that is, to instinctively group the separate statements (or sentences) which refer to one sub-section of your subject.

DOUGLAS KELTON.—The beginning is promising, but the end disappoints. The scene at the Gate of Heaven is unworthy of the rest. But if you were to send it to a popular story-paper (look after the spelling first) it might possibly be accepted.

M. G. P.—The subject is very good, and some of the images are effective. But could you not put the thing into a less jingling metre? In this metre you will not make either a dignified or a pleasing poem out of your good stuff.

MICHAEL.—The ground is already too familiar, too much described and photographed. Your little guide would not be better than others, save perhaps for its naturalist notes. I should advise your trying to dispose of them alone to some popular scientific journal, or to one devoted to out-of-door sights and pastimes.

MORAY.—A good opening. The flaw in the early chapters is the mawkish heroine. Give her a tonic, and make her more worthy of the brisk young man. If you can continue with equal vigour, it should be a very readable story. The style is creditable in the descriptive portions. Conversations too long.

MORIARTY.—Subject good. Treatment a little dull. Emphasis wanted in some portions. Fairly well written; but a sentence like this sounds harsh: "The girl is not absolutely heedless of anything but the conversation apparently."

OXTON.—A little like the famous Mother Hubbard sermon in form. But it contains much good sense, and is fairly well expressed. There is nothing original in it to make one very encouraging. A tendency to quote indiscriminately good things and poor things from other people shows an immature judgment. This kind of thing finds no market.

PAPILLON.—The river episode is very good. You could isolate it. It needs no introduction or sequel. Unencumbered it might make its way. Yes, a typewritten copy would in your case be an advantage.

C. STARR.—(1) Both are out of copyright. (2) The translation of the verses is very graceful. (3) Mr. A. J. Butler's version would be, I think, the best for your purpose.

Y.-G.—Much too late to be accepted now—a year after the publication of the book. It is fairly good, but rather too solemn. There is a serious misquotation on p. 4; and I don't think you have read the book you talk of with such lofty indignation, p. 7. Very likely you would still object to it, if you had read it; but you could not then talk of the writer as "grinning and mocking."

ZED.—The kind of papers you mention are now so lively that I fear they would consider your stories a little tame. I am no judge of the taste of their readers, but I think the shorter tale very pointless. The motive of the series is good. Wait, however, till you have got better, brighter ideas for them.

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Assumption of Moses, The. Trans. from the Latin sixth century MS., edited by R. H. Charles, 7/6 .....Black

BLAVATSKY, H. P.—The Secret Doctrine, the Synthesis of Science, Religion, etc., vol. 3, 15/- net .....Theos. Pub. Society

BULLOCK, Rev. C.—The Forgotten Truth, 1/- .....*Home Words* Office

Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges: Joel and Amos, Notes, etc., by Rev. S. R. Driver, 3/6 .....Camb. Press

CLARKE, G.—Daily Salvation, or My Ladder to Heaven, 2/- ..Marshall

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DAVIDSON, A. B.—The Exile and the Restoration, 8d. T. & T. Clark

DAVIDS, T. W. R.—Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, 3/6 Williams & Norgate

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FICTION.

ALLEN, GRANT.—An African Millionaire, Episodes in the Life of the Illustrious Col. Clay, 6/- .....G. Richards

[*See p.* 128.]

ALLINGHAM, F.—Crooked Paths, 6/-..... .....Longmans

[*For mawkish solemnity this story beats any we have come across lately. The hero, an intemperate dreamer, dies, and then sees his life in a dream. This he relates, and it appears almost anyone or anything is enough to bring on a vision of a peculiarly unreal and unimaginative kind. Between dreams and actualities a narrative is evolved somehow, but so hopelessly dull that in charity we must think it has been made in a heavy sleep.*]

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[*See p.* 129.]
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[*See p.* 129.]
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[*See p.* 130.]
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[*See p.* 129.]
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[*See p.* 130.]
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[*See p.* 131.]
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[*See p.* 133.]

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[*See p.* 127.]
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[*See p.* 130.]
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[*See* p. 121.]
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[*See p.* 132.]
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[*An excellent idea well carried out. Mr. Stead in the simplest fashion analyses the various symbols in the procession, the uniforms, flags, etc., and explains their significance. The buildings passed en route suggest other stories of the fame of England.*]
Temple Reader, The, edited by E. E. Speight, with Introduction by E. Dowden, LL.D.....H. Marshall
[*We have nothing but praise for the plan of this reading-book, and for the way in which the plan has been carried out. It is frankly a literary reading-book, not that unsatisfactory thing—a manual of general information. The extracts are admirably and very unconventionally chosen. Walt Whitman and Thoreau are here as well as Shakespeare; room has been found for beautiful things from Montaigne, Cervantes, and from the Bible, as well as from our own English writers, and all the pieces are good and inspiring. If children were used to this kind of thing in schools, the standard of literary taste would of a certainty rise.*]
Victoria Painting Book, The, 1/-.....Cassell
[*A wonderful shillingsworth. It will supply employment for the wet days of several holidays. The pictures to be coloured are much above the average in accuracy of drawing and in interest.*]

NEW EDITION.

Five Talents of Woman, 3/6..... .....Unwin
[*Very sensible advice to girls and women on home life, husband-choosing, motherhood, wifehood, nursing, study, and play; much robuster and more liberal in tone than are the majority of such books.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between June 15th and July 15th, 1897:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Sayings of Jesus. 6d. net and 2s. net. (Oxford Press.)
2. Dent's Classics. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net. (Dent.)
3. Lombard Street Sermons. 1s. net. (Hibbert.)
4. Farrar's Sixty Years of Progress. 1s. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)
5. Mason's St. Augustine. 5s. (Cambridge Press.)
6. Maclaren's Sermons. Various.

LONDON, W.C.

1. Logia. Sayings of our Lord. 6d. net and 2s. net. (Frowde.)
2. Swift's Works. Edited by Temple Scott. Vol. 1. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)
3. Wells' Plattner Story. 6s. (Methuen.)
4. Atteridge's Towards Khartoum. 16s. (Innes.)
5. Hichens's Flames. 6s. (Heinemann.)
6. Prescott's Scarlet and Steel. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Mark Twain's Works. Cheap Illustrated edition. 3s. 6d.
2. Stanley's Darkest Africa. 5s.
3. Griffith's Baldwin.
4. Familiar Wild Flowers.
5. Crockett's Lads' Love.
6. Everard's Golf.

ABERDEEN.

1. Boswell's Johnson. 3s. 6d. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)
2. Queen Victoria's Highland Home. With Illustrations. 4to. 6s. net. (Aberdeen.)
3. Eothen. By Kinglake. Popular edition. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)
4. The Contour Road Book of Scotland. 1897. 2s. net. (Gall and Inglis.)
5. Sir Walter Scott. By George Saintsbury. Famous Scots' Series. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
6. Jubilee Greeting. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 1s. net. (Lane.)

BRADFORD.

1. Bellamy's Equality. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Kipling's Departmental Ditties. 6s. (Thacker.)
3. In Search of Religion. Hird. 3s. 6d. (Wilson.)
4. Hornung's My Lord Duke. 6s. (Cassell.)
5. Mason's Philanderers. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Becke's Pacific Tales. 6s. (Unwin.)

DUBLIN.

1. Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland. By T. O. Russell. 7s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)
2. The Ancient Irish Church. By John Salmon. 2s. and 3s. (Gill.)
3. The Value of Life. By C. E. Burke. 1s. and 2s. (Cath. Truth Soc.)
4. The Irish Wolf Dog. By Rev. E. Hogan, S.J. 2s. (Gill.)
5. Conferences. By Fr. Dignam. 6s. net. (Art & Book Co.)
6. The Gospel of St. John. By Rev. W. MacRory. 7s. 6d. (Browne & Nolan.)

DUBLIN.

1. McCarthy's History of Our Own Times. Vol. 5. 12s.
2. Borlase's Dolmens of Ireland. 3 vols. £5 5s.
3. Maxwell's Sixty Years a Queen. 7s. 6d. net.
4. Mahaffy's Survey of Greek Civilisation. 6s.
5. Dowden's French Revolution and English Literature. 7s. 6d.
6. Marion Crawford's A Rose of Yesterday. 6s.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

Trade has been very quiet this last month or six weeks, but seems to be improving in the right direction now.